JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIII. 1646 TWOPENCE

THE DAILY POLISH WITH

CHERRY BLOSSOM

BOOT POLISH

FOR A BRIGHTER

1938

JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	-	-	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	-	-	-	-	-

MARCH

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	-	-

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	-	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	(15)	16
17	(18)	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

MAY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	-	-	-	-

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	1	2	3	4
5	(6)	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	-	-

JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	-	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30

AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	(1)	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	-	-	-

SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	-

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	-	-	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	-	-	-

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-	-	-	-	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
(25)	(26)	27	28	29	30	31

2B1AW/S

23

15 DAY EXTENSION of JOHN BULL'S MAGNIFICENT GIFT OFFER

IMPORTANT CONCESSION.—Readers will welcome the announcement that we have been successful in making arrangements which enable us to extend the offer for a further 15 days. Have you had your Gift yet? Don't delay. Attach your Gift Voucher or Vouchers to the New Year Gift Coupon below, and post to-day.

A Typical Letter of Appreciation.

Military Hospital, Catterick Camp, Yorks.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Writing Set and to state my appreciation. I would never forgive myself if I did not take advantage of your wonderful Offer by applying for another Set.

J. Turnbull.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 15th January, 1939.

No. A/62002

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher ABOVE will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely shaped, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-CARAT ROLLED GOLD NIB is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 15th January 1939.

No. B/62002

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher on the LEFT will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has THREE BRAID BANDS of 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, a large nib of 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has TWO BRAID BANDS of 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely shaded. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with Pearl and Butterfly effect. BOTH SETS ARE BRITISH MADE.

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/- plus 1d. for postage and insurance, making 5/6 in all.

(1) Fine: Medium. Broad: Oblique. } Cross and packet of ink NOT required. (2) Fine: Medium. Broad: Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

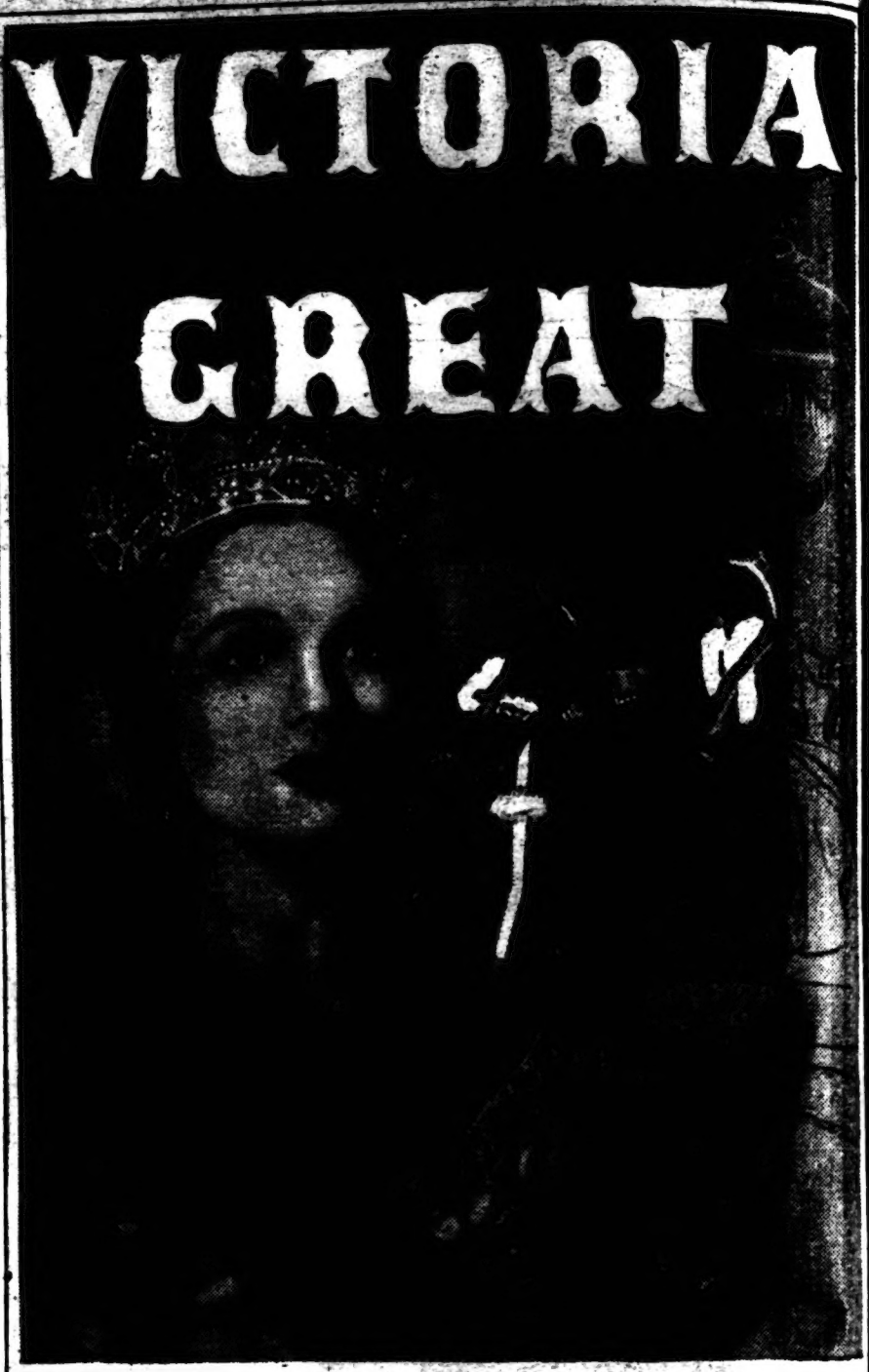
.....

Write Clearly in Block Letters.

J.B., 1/1/39.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /6 Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

VICTORIA GREAT



Anna Neagle as "Victoria the Great."

HERE'S a big film event—something extra special to signalize Herbert Wilcox's wonderful triumph—"Victoria the Great." This week's "PICTUREGOER"—JUST OUT—contains a fascinating record of this memorable film. In absorbing articles and beautiful pictures you will learn of the making of the film—the amazing story of its reception in America—specially written by the man who toured America with Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle. Here is a Souvenir—a story of British film enterprise and achievement that you won't want to miss. The demand for this week's "PICTUREGOER" will be tremendous. Make sure of your copy. Get it to-day.

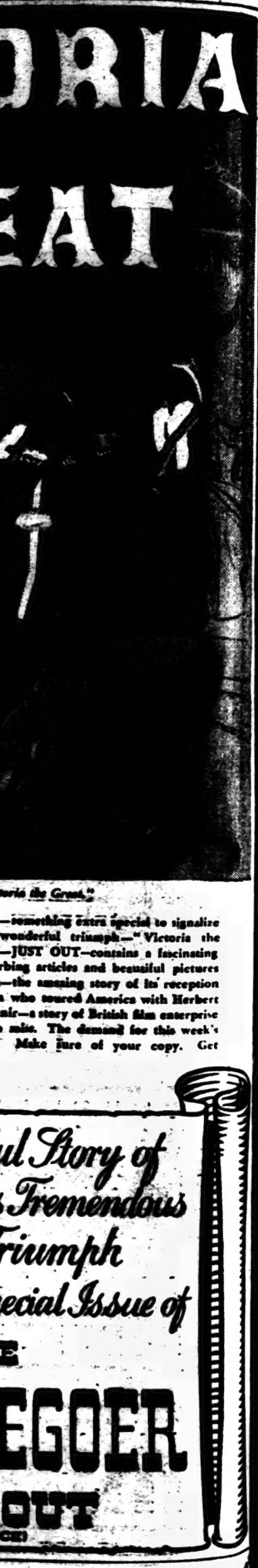
The Wonderful Story of Herbert Wilcox's Tremendous Screen Triumph in this week's special Issue of

THE

PICTUREGOER

JUST OUT

(TUPPENCE!)



…ria the Great."

…something extra special to signalize …wonderful triumph—"Victoria the …—JUST OUT—contains a fascinating …rbing articles and beautiful pictures …—the amazing story of its' reception …who toured America with Herbert …air—a story of British film enterprise …mise. The demand for this week's … Make sure of your copy. Get

…ul Story of …s Tremendous …Triumph …ecial Issue of …E

…EGOER …OUT …GE)

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- etc., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Festival" Brussels REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality at our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs, and 2 Doormats for 20/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

TIMBER BUILDINGS

List Free

Bungalows	£15
Entertainment Halls ...	£28
Pavilions	£22
Iron Buildings	£4
Motor Houses	£5
Army Huts	£11
Workshops	£10
Shop & Store ...	£20
Shelters	£5
Stabling	£20
Huts ...	50/-
Greenhouses ...	£5

LIST FREE CASH OR EASY TERMS

C. ALBERT & CO. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

3 WAY BED SETTEE

LOUNGE SETTEE or FULL LENGTH BED

37/-

or 2/-monthly. Carr. & Pack. Eng. & W. 3/-

Patent Spring Seat. Solid Oak Frame. Turned Legs. 2 Velvet Cord Cushions, colours to suit everyone.

AS A SEE

Send for new coloured catalogue of Wonderful Bargains in upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites.

Cheques, Registered Letters or Crossed P.O.s to NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 82, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

MODERN BABY-CLOTHES

A BEAUTIFUL HOME-MADE LAYETTE, EVERYTHING COMPLETE AND READY FOR BABY'S WEAR. 75 Delightful Home-made garments (for Winter or Summer wear). LATEST LENGTH GOWNS, DAY FROCKS, CHRIS. ROBE or WOOL SET, WINCEY or LAWN NIGHTIES, CHRIS. SHAWL, WOOL VESTS, KNIT SUITS, COATS, BOOTEES, OVERALLS, PILCHERS, FLANNELS, GAUZE, or TURK NAPKINS, Etc.

30/-

SEND 2/- for Parcel on Approval

Guaranteed by Return Post. Bal. Cash or Terms

Recent purchaser writes: "The value of your Layette amazes me, every article is perfect in material and make. I am fortunate in having chosen to deal from you."

Mrs. I. B. HOWARD 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED

Send for BIG FREE CATALOGUE

FROM 3/4 MONTHLY

Design S.S. Small Sheds, 25/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections.	Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Monthly.
	6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 15 0	3/6
	7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£2 10 0	5/6
	10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 0 0	7/6
	12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£5 10 0	12/1

Easily the best value. Rent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.) etc. Carriage paid. CATALOGUE FREE. Garages, 75/-; Greenhouses, 27/6; Aviaries, 45/-; Kennels, 27/-; Asbestos Garages, £5 5s.; Workshops, £4; Poultry Cabins, 28/-.

F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 93, Wood Top, Holmfirth Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 46-48, Oxford st., W.1.

Relief from Pain within 3 minutes After the First Dose

Sustained increasing benefit after every further dose

RHEUMATISM GONE

INSOMNIA GONE

HEADACHE GONE

RENIPAS

(Pronounced REN-E-PAR) THE 3 MINUTE REMEDY

CELEBRATED POWDER

Acts like a Miracle in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and all Kindred Troubles Headache, Toothache, Earache, and other pains vanish as if by magic.

INSOMNIA! One powder gives a full night's refreshing sleep, even though this has not been enjoyed for years.

RENIPAS is the result of seven years' scientific research by a fully qualified Doctor (M.D.), who states it

CONTAINS NO INJURIOUS DRUGS, POISON OR ANY OTHER NARCOTIC, AND

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART.

Renipas is NOT a One Drug Remedy; it is compounded of several ingredients, solid and liquid, the formula being in accordance with approved medical and scientific principles. It is similar to a physician's costly prescription, plus the chemist's charge every time made up. For over a quarter century many thousands of people have testified to the relief afforded by this wonderful remedy.

Renipas is supplied to Doctors, Nurses, Hospitals, Institutions, etc.

2 Powders, 1/3 24, 3/- 60, 11/-

Order a box to-day from your Chemist and be free from pain.

If any difficulty to obtain, we gladly send post free.

Discovered by a Doctor. Prescribed by Doctors. Used by Doctors.

FREE OFFER

Although you may consider your case hopeless, yet RENIPAS (Ren-e-par) will not fail. Send two stamps for a FREE PACKAGE of RENIPAS POWDERS, each of which will perform a miracle for you.

Please print name and address in block letters.

International Chemical Research Assn. Ltd. (Lab. 7) 69, Fleet Street, London.

DEAF

HEARING AIDS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

NO BATTERIES—NO WIRES—ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE. Try the marvellous new model Amplicaids. NO OTHER PARTS—NO RENEWALS—PERFECT HEARING. Fit right inside the ear. Complete in themselves. Wonderful Power. Price only £1 1s. per pair, as sold elsewhere at £5-5-0. The greatest offer ever made to the deaf.

NOTE THE SIZE IT'S NEW

NOTE THE PRICE 21/- as sold elsewhere at £5-5-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now, D. & J. Hill, Ltd., Auricle Dept., 248, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.). (Hours 10 to 6.) *Also at 432, Chester Road, Manchester. (Hours 9 to 5.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

SOUTH WESTERN GREENHOUSE

CATALOGUE 'GH'

L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.
6	4	60/-	6/-	6/6
8	6	70/-	6/6	7/6
10	8	100/-	9/-	15/-

GARAGE

L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.
6	6	71/-	6/6	6/6
12	8	129/6	7/6	11/6
16	8	171/-	11/6	15/6

CATALOGUE 'SS'

CATALOGUE 'SS'

GARDEN SHED

250-Mile Free Lorry Delivery	L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.
	4	4	52/-	5/-	2/6
	8	5	83/-	6/6	4/6
	10	7	70/-	6/6	6/6

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. 5, Hogan Road, Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121

GREAT DISPOSAL OFFER!

DOUBLE-BARRELLED BREAK-BACK GUNS 2/6 POST FREE

Few only of these splendid guns now offered at reduced price of 2/6 to clear. Take immediate advantage of this amazing offer and learn to shoot straight. These guns are fully 26in. long with 9/16in. bore. Twin steel barrels finished usual "gun-black." Two hair-spring triggers will fire each barrel separately or simultaneously where necessary. Hard wood stock correctly shaped and finished. To load, breaks open at breech.

Send P.O. for 2/6 at once to avoid disappointment.

OXFORD STREET STORES. (Desk J.B.G.9), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1 3rd Floor. Next Door Tottenham Court Road Tube.

THAMES UTILITY

Planed Framing and Weatherboards. Tongued and Grooved Roofs, Floors extra. Corners Steel Braced. Mortised and Tenoned Doors and Door Frames. Roofs Steel Tied. All windows open. Lock, Key and Bolts to Doors. Felt and Battens included. THE "SHIP" GARAGE. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

STEEL BRACED CORNERS!

STEEL TIED ROOFS!

Lth.	Wth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£6/10/-	6/-	10/2
12	8	8	£8/10/-	8/-	11/10
14	8	8	£7/15/-	10/-	14/1

Asbestos Garages from 60/-. List G. Free Delivery England and Wales. Free Plans for Councils. THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, 7, WEST ST., ERITH, KENT. (Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills, Ltd.) (Est. 40 years.) 'Phone: Erith 2672-3.

PROFESSIONALS PLAY 6-STRING SPANISH GUITARS

NEW YEAR CLEARANCE SALE

Factory's surplus must be cleared. An opportunity of a lifetime to acquire one of these handsome mahogany finished Guitars! with Sycamore grained front and Mother-of-Pearl finished circle round sound chamber. A professionally strong resolution model with non-slip pegs to control the 6 strings. YOU will easily be able to play haunting melodies within half an hour. Send complete with tuner, for the unprecedented price of only 3/9, post and packing 6d. No more to pay

3/9 POST 6d.

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk G.J.B.9), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1 *3rd Floor, Next door Tottenham Court Road Tube.*

FINAL CLEARANCE OFFER U.S.A. DIAL TYPEWRITERS

At last here is a typewriter that we can all afford to obtain.

Standard Typewriters are beyond the ordinary purse, but we are offering the famous model which will enable you to type your own letters neatly and without previous experience owing to the special revolving disc. Fitted with spacer, release catch, double feature and paper controller. Completely automatic action. Finished in Black Japan, lined in Gold and Red. Reduced price to clear 7/6. Post and packing 1/- extra.

SPECIAL CLOSING PRICE 7/6

SPECIAL SALE: 51 Gns. (Desk J.B.T. W.9), 7, Oxford St., London, W.1

£2-2-0 VALUE FOR 9/6

WRIST WATCH REAL GOLD PLATED

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine lever lady's real gold-plated expanding bracelet watch—made for Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price we as expert valuers know to be a worldwide achievement, ranking us as the British House for Amazing Bargains. 9/6, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW. Immediate Dispatch.

9/6 POST 6d.

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.B.B.C.4), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1 3rd Floor, Next door Tottenham Ct. Rd. Tube.

8/11 POST 1/-

THREE IN ONE HEAVY FLEECE LINED Proofed COATS

These coats are the balance of an enormous order—small quantity more than were actually required. Cut military pattern with full belt. Fireman storm collar. Fawn coloured storm-proof material with heavy fleece lining. Adjustable sleeve band to keep out wind. Suitable for Flying, Motoring or Town wear. Exceptionally smart. A coat to keep out cold in the coming winter. All brand new and perfect. Chest measurement 34 to 44. Cost much more to make than clearance price of 8/11, post and packing 1/-. Proving guaranteed 2 years. Limited Stock. Don't Delay. Gauntlet Gloves 6/6 pair.

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.B.F.L.9), 7, Oxford St., London, W.1. *3rd Floor, Next door Tottenham Court Road Tube.*

CUCKOO CLOCK

Cuckoos and Gongs every Half-hour. 2 Years' Guarantee. Real old-fashioned Cuckoo Clock, fascinating to old and young. Door opens, bird comes out. Cuckoos every half-hour (unlike fixed bird of cheap clocks). Really reliable timekeeper—heavy brass movement—solid cut pinions. Unheard-of price—only 2/- down, then 1/- weekly (25/- in all) or 23/- cash. Years of pleasure for a few shillings. (A) INGRAMS (London), Ltd., 72, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

Yours for 2/- down

PERSIAN UKULELE BANJO

3/9

FREE UKULELE BANJO TUTOR with every order!

DRASTIC PRICE REDUCTION

These beautiful instruments are genuine 21/- value and are offered to the public at ridiculous price of 3/9 as result of disposal of a huge purchase; therefore this offer cannot be repeated. In highly polished Satin Walnut finish with brass fretted finger-board, first quality vellum. Amazingly sweet tone. Heavily Nickel-plated Fittings. An hour or so only required for a novice to master it with the FREE TUTOR. Send P.O. 4/6 to-day to avoid disappointment.

POST 9d.

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.B.U.6), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

I WILL MAKE YOU A BRILLIANT PIANIST

I DO not say I may—I say positively I WILL! If I accept you as my pupil. You need no cleverness, only ordinary everyday intelligence and willingness. If a Beginner you quickly learn from Ordinary Music to play easily, Dances, Songs, Hymns and Gems from the Great Masters. If already a player, in a few weeks the whole practice of your art shall be positively and literally transformed! BY POST, crystal clear, Musicianly Training, a child could follow. A teacher by your side always—not for merely half an hour weekly. If you wish to play to the pleasure of every listener—you shall! Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods) enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. I am enrolling 50-100 adult pupils every week, have taught OVER 40,000 DURING 35 YEARS, AND I CAN TEACH YOU.

PROOF:—"I like the lessons already received, they are making me use fingers which did very little before." N.W.M. B48109. Age 45.

"I think yours is a fine system and I only wish I had started with it two years ago." I.L. B48235. Age 30.

"I am progressing wonderfully, my friends are surprised." E.L. B48030. Age 22.

A FREE COPY of my book, "Mind, Music and Keyboard," and a Form for gratis advice. Say if Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner.

MR. H. BECKER (Dept. 810), 69, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

THORNS SHEDS

2/6

All sectional. Easily erected. Fully Guaranteed for Cash or terms. Delivered Free or Carr. Paid Eng. & Wales. FREE Catalogue No. 53 from J. THORN & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. 53) Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent. Tel. Bexleyheath 303

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or Down	8 Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	47/6	5/6 4/6
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61/6	5/6 5/7
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	67/6	6/6 6/1
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	81/6	6/6 7/6

JOHN BULL'S WORLD RECORD FREE

"JOHN BULL" this week proudly announces the comprehensive and unparalleled Benefits of its Great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1938. These Benefits appear in full on the opposite page, and provide protection that is unique in Weekly Newspaper Free Insurance.

"John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard its Registered Readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to provide Benefit for SICKNESS. These exclusive Benefits and others incorporated in the Scheme make "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift unparalleled and pre-eminent.

OVER £600,000 ALREADY PAID

Since the inception of this unique Security Gift, "John Bull" has distributed to registered readers or their dependants over £600,000. Think of the thousands of "John Bull" readers who have had reason to bless the day this Scheme was introduced!

A GIFT WORTH £2:2:0

Similar protection to that which "John Bull" provides would, if obtained in the ordinary way through an Insurance Company, cost at least TWO GUINEAS in annual Insurance Premiums. It is yours FREE from "John Bull" simply for the asking.

ARE YOU REGISTERED?

Readers who are already registered are automatically qualified for "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift for 1938, which supersedes and cancels all previous Benefits. **There is no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.** Those who are NOT yet registered readers of "John Bull" should use the forms on the opposite page AT ONCE. There is sometimes danger in delay. ACT NOW.

FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT FOR 1938

OVER £60,000 ALREADY PAID

Wonderful Benefits that no other paper gives

FIRE

£1,000—against loss by fire to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£500—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire, involving the Registered Reader's home.

£250—in case of death of either under such circumstances.

£125—for loss of one limb or the sight of one eye under such circumstances.

£10—for Medical Fees for injuries directly caused by an outbreak of fire involving the Registered Reader's home.

£4—per week for both (or £2 per week for either) up to 4 weeks for disablement under such circumstances.

£2—per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING

£200—loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking of a Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects. Provided that first £2 is borne by the Registered Reader.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or house-breakers entering the Registered Reader's home for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under such circumstances.

£500—for husband and wife (or £250 for either) for loss of one limb or the sight of one eye under such circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence under such circumstances.

£4—per week for both (or £2 per week for either) up to 4 weeks for disablement under such circumstances.

GAS EXPLOSION

£100—loss caused by explosion of Gas or Domestic Boilers to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

STORM AND FLOOD

£300—loss caused by Storm, Tempest or Flood to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

BURST HOT-WATER PIPES

£100—loss caused by bursting of Hot-water Pipes or Water-heating Apparatus to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

£100—should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed by an accident at the reader's registered address and/or garden attached thereto; or

£50—in the case of the death of either under such circumstances.

£3—for a fracture of a limb or skull under such circumstances.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS

£2—will be paid to the parent being a Registered Reader in the event of an accident to his or her child over six and under fifteen years of age, causing a broken arm above the wrist, broken leg above the ankle, or fractured skull, excepting accidents of employment or pillion riding.

DAMAGE BY AIRCRAFT

£300—loss caused by Aeroplanes, Airships, or other Aerial Craft to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

LIGHTNING

£300—loss caused by Lightning or Thunderbolt to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

SICKNESS

£6 6s.—in the case of husband and wife, or

£3 3s.—in respect of either for total disablement arising directly from Diphtheria, Measles (Morbilli), Smallpox (Variola), Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, or Tetanus (Lockjaw).

These Benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS ACCIDENTS

£200—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£100—in respect of either if killed accidentally while playing in a game of Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Hurling, Pushball or Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£5—for a fracture of a limb or skull under such circumstances.

BOATING AND BATHING

£200—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£100—in respect of either if accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in the case of boating the boat be not a passenger steamer or motor boat plying for hire.

WIRELESS BENEFIT

£10—for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's Wireless Apparatus (including Aerials and Supports) licensed to and owned by him or her at his or her private address as registered.

ONLY CHILD OF A WIDOW

The unmarried only child (son or daughter) over the age of 15 years of a widow who is a Registered Reader shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader while he/she is permanently residing with and the sole support of his/her mother.

CONDITIONS

(a) This scheme applies only to Registered Readers residing in and accidents or events occurring in the British Isles, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

(b) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person over fifteen years of age registered with "John Bull" as having personally signed and forwarded to "John Bull" Registration Department the prescribed registration form and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of "John Bull," which has been continuously received from such newsagent and paid for. Provided that a Registered Reader over seventy years of age shall be entitled to all the Benefits of this Gift except those in respect of death, disablement or sickness.

(c) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of those Benefits which are applicable.

(d) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the Benefits must be forwarded in writing to THE INSURANCE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 128, LONG ACRE, W.C.2, as to Accident Benefits within seven days; Fire, Burglary and Housebreaking and other Household Benefits within forty-eight hours, and Sickness Benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself. Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his or her own expense together with the Certificate of Registration issued by "John Bull."

(e) As to the Injury Benefits, this Scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any accident, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit, or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, drugs, suicide, insanity or intemperance, or is suffering from any physical or mental disability likely to increase the risk of accident or fatality, or while in an unconscious state, or due to brawl, assault, war, riot, or civil commotion.

(f) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident and as a direct result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children or parents (if any).

(g) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(h) Benefit shall not be payable under this Scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(i) No Benefits under the "Fire" Section will be given if the fire has not been reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, nor where the fire is due to incendiarism, riot or civil commotion. Compensation for material damage or loss by fire, burglary or housebreaking or any of the events covered by Household Benefits will be subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any other Insurance Scheme, Company or otherwise, and the Proprietors of "John Bull" shall give no Benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted all such other remedies. Compensation will only be paid in respect of loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking provided: (a) immediate notice of such event or events is given to the police; (b) there is visible evidence of forcible entry of the dwelling-house or apartments; (c) the dwelling-house or apartments have been occupied for ordinary residence by the Registered Reader or a member of his or her household within seven days preceding the breaking and entering; (d) loss has not been occasioned or contributed to by the negligence of the occupier, his or her servant or agent; (e) the first £2 of any loss shall be borne by the Registered Reader and (f) that in the case of jewellery and/or furs compensation will be limited to a maximum of £20. Any misrepresentation or wilful misstatement of fact shall disqualify an application.

(j) The Fire, Burglary and Housebreaking and other Household Benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture and personal effects excepting money in cash or the equivalent in his or her private dwelling-house (being of permanent construction and of a fixed location) or apartments in such dwelling-house or dwelling rooms which are attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to the contents of business premises or stock-in-trade.

(k) To become recipient of Rent Benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment, which shall be deemed as rent.

(l) In order to comply with the requirements of the law the Proprietors of "John Bull" have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the Proprietors of "John Bull"), whose issued share capital is £1,875,000.

(m) The Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to these Benefits and/or Conditions by the publication of a notice in "John Bull," also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time. In any event, these Benefits will terminate at midnight of the thirty-first day of December, 1938.

(n) In case of change of address and/or Newsagent, a fresh Coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, and a Fresh Order Form lodged with the Newsagent, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed.

(o) In the event of any dispute between the Reader or any applicant under this Gift and the Proprietors of "John Bull" the same shall be referred to arbitration in London in accordance with the statutory provisions for the time being in force applicable thereto and the obtaining of an award shall be a condition precedent to any right of action.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 1.1.38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

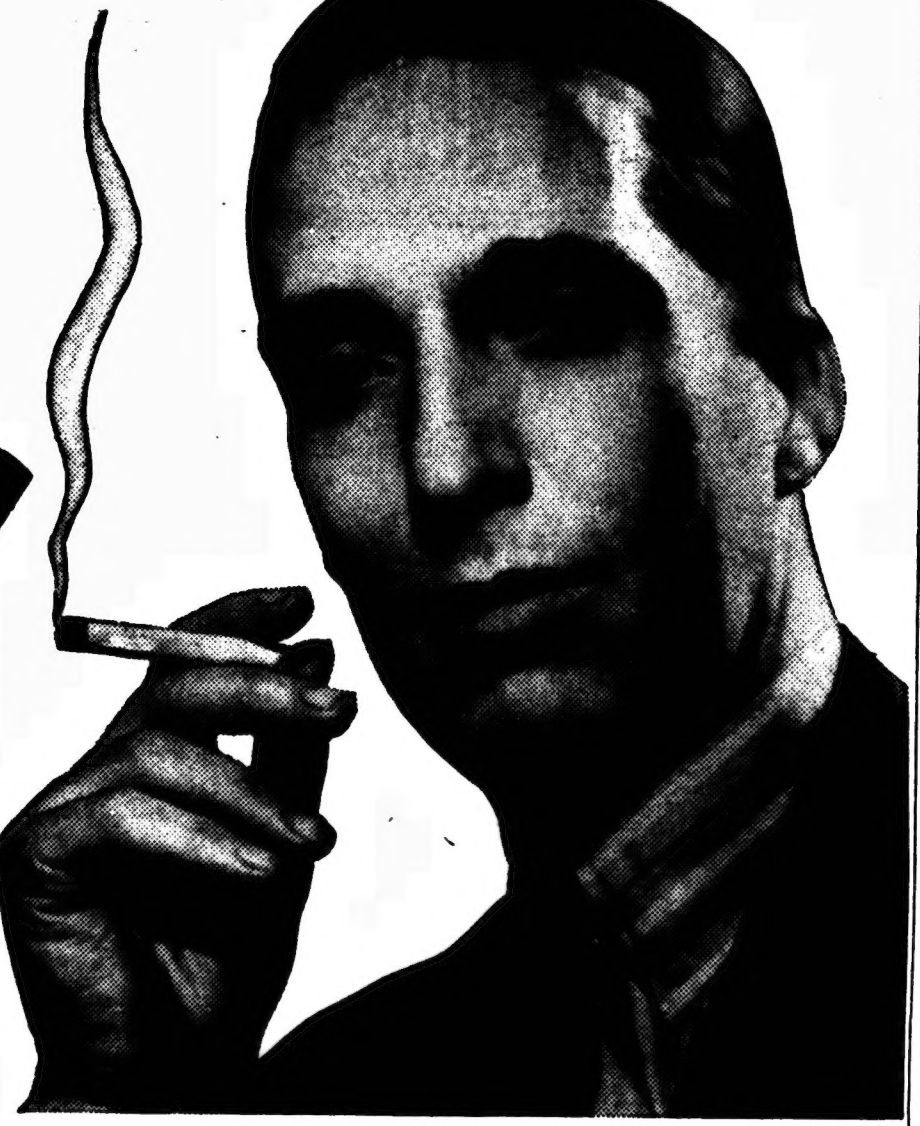
.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 1.1.38.

PICCADILLY



10 for 4D

15 for 6D

History of British Naval Uniforms.
Picture cards in all packings.

PJ179

MADE BY CARRERAS LIMITED 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, January 1, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Opponents of prison reform are howl- g at Home Secretary Sir Samuel oare's decision to move long-service nvicts nearer to their relatives.

Here's news that will make them howl uder: he is determined to make life ore liveable for the families of isoners, and is planning more startling ncessions.

We're not howling. We applaud.

Seeing for Himself

Notice the vast improvement in Sir muel since he toured the prisons to ee for himself"? We have always ged that "see for yourself spirit" on inisters.

Soon you will hear of Mr. Hore- elisha touring the barracks. He will nd some of the crumbling ruins an ye-opener.

For His Own Ear

But for heaven's sake, Mr. Hore- elisha, don't tell commanding officers ou are coming. Just drop in un- nnounced and ask for the orderly fficer.

When you visited Aldershot recently, he troops had a devil of a time the eek before cleaning already spotless uildings.

Dinners fell off badly, because cooks ere busy for five days cleaning mmaculate tiles.

Another Look-round

Oh, yes; and here's a very able young oman going to see things for herself. Name: Miss Edna May Langley. Age: Thirty-two

She used to look after the feeding of London schoolchildren. Did great hings for hungry tummies. From this eek she is "in charge of school feed- ng throughout England and Wales"; tarts the job with a general look-round.

Simple Cooking Needed

A few hints to begin with, Miss Lang- ey. Meet the teachers who complain hat full price—a ruinous one—has to e paid for milk made into steaming ot puddings.

And others who say that often the ree milk doesn't turn up at all. And he mothers expected to pay 9d. for nessy *eclairs au chocolat* made by laughters in school kitchens, when it's eef-and-dumplings that's wanted.

Educative Maybe

For Conservative University confer- nce next week, Conservative head- uarters will issue text of Disraeli's naiden speech, which was shouted lown just 100 years ago.

Specimen: "Notwithstanding, the *mantium ira* has resulted, as I always expected, in the *amoris integratio*. . . ."

Conservative Central Office is not oking fun, we hope.

Safety First Signals

Since our comments on the Scottish rail disaster, accident-avoiding sugges- tions have poured in on us from railway- men.

Writes a signalman: "Driving snow often blacks out signal lights, yet it is quite simple to design a lamp that will keep the green and red glasses warm."

Railway workers have some excellent safety ideas.

Don't executives ever meet their staffs?

"Seeing for Myself" Ministers New Judges—but no Courts Our Lazy Legislators

Nothing but Words

Just six months since Government and Fenland authorities started bickering as to the share each should pay of £5,000,000 necessary for a drainage scheme.

Floods have become drought, drought has now given way to floods again. If only dams could be built from words!

Nothing for You

You have long been promised elec- tricity reform.

Well, M.P.s who have examined Mr. Leslie Burgin's Electricity Bill say there is provision for bigger profits for the companies, but not a stiver for con- sumers.

Somebody will welcome it as "re- form."

Laggard M.P.s

M.P.'s attendances are improving—very, very slightly, it is true.

Reason: they have realised that, while the majority of people doesn't be- grudge them their rise, won't begrudge them their pensions scheme if it becomes law, it wants to see the money earned.

There are 200 who certainly don't earn it.

Squeamish Eastbourne

You can find out the pay of all Civil Servants, Cabinet Ministers or employees of local authorities, because it is you who pay them.

But squeamish Eastbourne is going to fix such things behind closed doors in future.

Like all people who love secrecy, East- bourne councillors are going to get some ugly scratches from Dame Rumour.

"Shamateur" War

Look out for startling disclosures on "shamateurism" in first-class football.

Dulwich Hamlet club, 100 per cent. honest amateur, has facts which prove, it is maintained, that some of the lead- ing "amateur" clubs are not amateur at all.

It intends to play Hamlet with League and F.A. authorities until something is done.

Margate's New Pet

Tailoring item: Work will begin next week on £70 worth of pretty-pretties for Margate's new Town Sergeant.

Do they intend to floodlight him?

Bumbledom

In future Dumbartonshire Education Committee is to refuse to recommend any boy wishing to enter the Royal Air Force, although such a recommenda- tion is essential to an entrant.

We detest warfare as much as Dum- bartonshire Education Committee. But we hate the filching of private liberties as well.

Weak Medicines

Complaining that your panel medi- cine seems less effective? Don't blame the doctor!

Although average panel bottle only contains 3½d. worth of ingredients, Health Ministry and B.M.A. are col- laborating on a farthing-clipping drive.

Remember when your chemist asks 2d. for the bottle—3½d. worth of in- gredients, and that is to be cut!

Call of Duty

Dr. R. C. Roberton leaves by air for China next week.

He led the fight against disease among Shanghai's teeming refugees when war began. After three weeks in London, the League of Nations is rushing him back to the place where one bomb killed ten of his squad.

Yet these League workers are often called ninnies!

Premature

"We had to drag him away from the Christmas dinner table. He went back to his apparatus with his paper hat on, and forgot to take the port we took in."

So reads a "blurb" about a well- known scientist, issued to Press to get free publicity.

Unfortunately it reached newspapers before Christmas Day!

But Break the Spirit

Mrs. Alty, of the Women Citizens' Association, Birkenhead, who inclines to the hoary adage of "Spare the rod, spoil the child," gave an audience, the other day, her positive assurance that the birch "cannot possibly break bones."

That news should come as a relief to magistrates who have ordered it for nine-year-olds.

Friend of Blind

Ever heard of Mr. G. C. Brown? The blind have.

During twenty-five years as head- master of the biggest blind school, Wor- cester College, he taught his lads to row, box, run, swim: to disdain pity. He has taught the young blind everywhere a new gospel of independence.

Next week he retires. If you can read these words, you can't understand how big is the loss.

Insufficient Courts

Much scratching of heads at the Law Courts, where the appointment of two new Divorce judges is welcomed

Unfortunately, there is no court for them to sit in!

One suggestion—"What about the barristers' reading room?"—has led to a lot of moaning at the Bar.

Bar Unsuitable Homes

Broad hint has gone out from White- hall urging juvenile court magistrates to remove more naughty children from unsuitable homes to foster-parents.

Not, we hope, until everything has been done to remove "unsuitable homes."

To Cheapen Rents

Lots of interested people are saying the Ridley Committee recommends gradual decontrol of house rents.

Nonsense. It recommends such de- control as and when the supply of new houses increases, arguing that more houses mean lower rents.

Actually, parsimonious councils are trying to shelve or cut down their hous- ing plans.

What's the Secret?

NEXT week it will be out! For months "John Bull" has been preparing *for every one of its readers* a dramatic New Year surprise. It is something that has never before been attempted by any paper in the world.

This much we can tell you—it is a Gift to all—planned on a truly gigantic scale—something of life-long value, specially prepared for the occasion. Such a gift as this would, in the ordinary way, cost you at least £4 : 4 : 0—yet it comes to you *absolutely Free and Post Free.* It's yours for the asking!

When you see next week's dramatic announcement you will hardly believe your eyes. But it is characteristic of "John Bull" to do Big Things in a Big Way.

Here is something you must not miss—the greatest publishing event of the century. *All eyes on "John Bull" next week!*

Readers Resolve . .

Smile

Let's all smile our way through 1938—smile to make others happier.

My little nephew hated his new school, for no known reason; was heartbroken. Then he came home full of praises for the school and loving the girl teacher.

"Uncle, she *smiled* at me . . ," he said.—D. Smith, 267, Warren Farm Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

Keep Your Head

Learn in 1938 that "savaging" a fellow-creature belongs to the lower animals

That thought comes from a disgusting spectacle I have just witnessed: crowds shouting "Stop thief!" burly men leaping on a tiny fugitive, and a shopkeeper dragging behind him the hungry boy who had robbed nim of a twopenny pie.—Mrs. Cairns, 290, Possway, New Estate, Daisy Hill, Newcastle.

Be Fair

Don't make a whipping-post of the tradesman.

Some people even blame me for the increase in the cost of living.

And I am only a baker's roundsman serving two hundred families daily, making 1,200 calls a week, and pulling a heavy barrow over fifty miles of streets to earn my living by selling £18 worth of bread and cakes.—Joseph Morgan, 52, Brock's Drive, North Cheam, Surrey.

Judge Not

Let's decide never to judge a fellow-being unless in full possession of the facts!

I am one of a circle of "friends" who deserted a man like rats, saying he had become miserly for a well-paid man, "Why didn't he buy himself a good meal?" and so on.

Now we know. He has been paying off a bank overdraft incurred by his father in 1926.—C. R. E., Oban Road, Brancote Lane, Chilwell, Notts.

God is Love

Think, during 1938, of this picture of little Rosita. She has lost everything in Spain at fifteen months old, father and mother included, and so has come to me.

Some people might say she shouldn't be helped. May they all realise in 1938 that "God is Love."—M. M. K., Thanet.

Holidays for All

A 1938 resolve for M.P.s. . . .

While they are having a Christmas recess with full pay, let them think of the millions who can never afford a holiday. We won't begrudge Members their rest if they decide to fight for a summer holiday with full pay for every worker.—Inman Race, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield, 5.

Never Belittle

Shall we all decide never to look down on a fellow-creature?

The turning-point in the destinies of my family came when, with my father in serious financial difficulties, a maid who had once worked for him came to offer my mother her savings—£2. The thought of her poverty showed us we could cut expenses. Her sacrifice gave us new courage.—"Ayrshire Man," Glasgow.

Be Tolerant

I am a regular churchgoer, happily married for nineteen years. But I don't want to see people whose previous marriages have failed denied the blessings of God and my Church.

God, surely, would strengthen and hearten all who would make a fresh start. Why not the Church I love?—Mrs. Waddington, 91, Lambton Road, Crone Hill, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

Help One Another

My New Year resolution I learned from a policeman who stopped me in Chelsea Bridge Road at 4.30 the other morning for cycling without a light.

I said the bulb had failed, and his hand crept to his notebook pocket—to produce another bulb with the words "That's O.K., old man. Carry on."—S. Painter, 55, Parkside Street, London, S.W.11.

And A Happy New Year to You All—*Editor*

Play Up, Fido!

Not the least entertaining part of the Saturday football match on the ground of my local team is the fact that at half-time a smaller ball is thrown on the field and youngsters from the crowd give us a show. Other teams might find methods for enlivening the change-over period.—Arthur Quilliam, 5, Micklefield Road, Grant Avenue, Liverpool.

Some other teams do. Best novelty was provided by Bromley F.C. (Athenian League: gate average about 3,000) a few days ago. Dog used to dribble ball from goal, showing remarkable skill.

Br-r-r-r-r.

My house is a modern one, and the rooms small and snug. My new lodger's room faces south.

On his bed are two warm under-

blankets, four of the warmest and thickest possible over-blankets, one huge eiderdown, and one heavy quilt. He wears flannel pyjamas and woollen bed-socks, and has an electric heater in his room.

Now he wants a hot-water bottle, saying that he can never sleep when he is cold.—Mrs. W., Blackheath.

Soviet scientists at North Pole describe their sleeping suits—fur pyjamas compressed into wolf-skin sleeping bags—as the equivalent of six warm blankets. Ivan Papanin, their director, adds that sleeping is "no problem" under these circumstances.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Gummy English

This advice has been stuck on H.M. Stationery Office gumpots:

"In ordinary use, the most immediate result is obtained by using only such an amount of gum as will just uniformly moisten the surface, without leaving an obvious excess to delay drying, the condition arrived at being that of a gummed postage stamp just moistened, as ordinarily applied to a letter."—Whitby Scott, 35, Florence Road, Boscombe, Hants.

In other words, "apply thinly."

Thanks Annoyed Him

Although I helped the police to keep a hostile crowd at bay, and fetched help

while they held their own with truncheons, I didn't like them waking me up at 1 a.m. to thank me.—N. S., Portman Street, Glasgow.

Having to check up on you as necessary witness at next morning's hearing they used tact. It would have been more annoying to be wakened at dead of night in sternly official way.

Exchange Inefficiency

Two friends and myself registered at an employment exchange as bookkeepers and store clerks, attended five times a week to see what turned up. After four months I found my own job.

There, among the correspondence I had to handle, were letters from the exchange spread over nine months: "We have received your request for book-keeper and store clerk, but regret we have no workers of this description," etc. etc.—V. F. George, 225, Pantbank Road, Rhiwbina, Cardiff.

Reader George should ask her employer to report facts to the Ministry of Labour.

His Foreign Policy

If living to well over the allotted span entitles me to any opinion, I say "Give the Jews the colonies Hitler is trying to get back."—John Marshall, 22, Sheffield Road, Killamarsh, near Sheffield.

No, no, John. We're already leaving behind too much trouble for the youngsters.

L.C.C. Exonerated

"Sorry, it's an L.C.C. order," said the cinema cashier, asking me full admission for my six-years-old son, who used to be half-price, and full admission for my 2½-years-old baby, who used to cost nothing.

Well, I suppose Labour will *again* be asking for my vote!—B. A. Young, Brereton Road, London, N.17.

L.C.C. has nothing to do with it. Trade expert says probability is theatre was showing film that week on sharing terms with condition that full price should be exacted for every seat.

Cargoes of Peril

Day after day I see little children carrying wireless accumulators to a charging station. I have seen many accidents.

Only yesterday a boy of nine or ten splashed himself with the acid, and his cries were really distressing. If parents can't use common-sense in bringing up their children they should be punished until they do.—Harold F. Morris, 107, Homelea Road, South Yardley, Birmingham.

The sulphuric acid is so diluted that it would have little immediate effect on skin, so boy's cries suggest it reached his eyes. No need to emphasise danger of that.

An Illusion

I have flown an omnibus, a double-decker, with 40 passengers aboard! I am a driver on the Norwich-King's Lynn route.

I was descending a hill, and a powerful wind was hitting us broadside, when the lap-lap of the tyres ceased and the steering wheel became useless.

I flew that bus for a hundred yards!—A. Tate, 21, Dixon Road, Sprouston, Norwich.

Combination of circumstances, perhaps change of road surface among them, must have produced illusion that bus left ground. Anyhow, leading aircraft designer assures us that, big weight and meagre lifting surface considered, flight is out of question.

Didn't Trip Us

Imagine my surprise, having been taught that there are 365 days in the year, when a friend asked me to multiply the number of weeks (52) by the number of days in a week (7), which makes a year consist of 364 days.—John James Tate, 22, South Crescent, Clayton Estate, Clayton, Manchester.

In case similar question caused sick headaches at Christmas parties, let us point out snag. A year consists of 52 weeks and one day over.

Sleep, Watchman, Sleep!

A clerk of works has just been telling me that the night watchman on the job asked that some corrugated iron sheets should be nailed down; as their rattling kept him awake at night.—H. G., Old Hill, Staffs.

Not all night watchmen are expected to keep awake. Many of them have day jobs as well. Firms employing them merely wish to ensure that obstructions should not be left unattended—the obstructions themselves being too heavy for anyone to steal.

Where's YOUR Letter?

EVERY reader of JOHN BULL is invited to contribute to this page. 10s. 6d. is paid for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. for a picture illustrating the story.

Mark envelope "Voice of the People" and address to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And there are many other pages where your co-operation is welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you . . .

A. G. Gardiner ..... Page 13
Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 14
Human Documents ..... Page 22
The Greatest of These—.. Page 24
True Stories ..... Page 28

This is from Santa

As Swansea's Santa Claus—I was the same in 1935 and 1936—I whispered a little message in the private ear of every little boy and girl this year.

Now that Christmas is over, I don't mind telling grown-ups what I said: "Always try to keep to the pavements, my dear, and when you've crossed a road, take the greatest care you can."—Mr. Shaw, 129, Rodney Street, Swansea.

Nothing better ever came out of your sack.

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Up, Fido!

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What makes Me Wild

by Ellen Wilkinson

HARD UP

—thirty millions of them!

I LOATHE poverty. I don't mean just being hard up and having to do without things for a bit. I mean poverty as an institution, the deep grinding health-destroying poverty in which 70 per cent. of the people of this country live.

If that number shocks you, look at the official figures. There are thirty and a half million people who have to spend less than 6d. per head per meal on food.

Consider that there are 11,000,000 wage-earners in this country with less than £125 a year. The average wage is less than £100 a year, and on such a wage there is practically always one or more dependent people.

A poverty wage, this, on which it is impossible to buy the bare minimum of the kinds of food essential for strong bones and healthy nerves.

The British Medical Association worked out that every male over fourteen needs 5s. 11d. worth of food a week, even if buying it at rock-bottom prices.

Our Ministry of Health said "Nonsense," and put their experts on the job. Basing their figures on the bulk purchase at wholesale prices for institutions (not the three penn'orths of the poor) they couldn't bring it lower than 5s. 1½d. per man, 1s. less for the wife and varying levels for the children.

★ ★ ★

There are thirteen and a half millions of people who cannot buy this bare minimum of necessary food. There are 10,000 people drawing an average of £20,000 a year.

When Government sets up a committee to enquire into the woes of the thirteen and a half million below the health line, it is thrilled if it can get one of the top 10,000 to take the class!

Try telling one of that 10,000 what it is like to live always on a basis of 3½d. per meal. I've tried it. It's like trying to talk through a blank wall. And then lobby journalists lecture one in print for being bitter!

Mrs. Richardson in my constituency, one of the salt of the earth, has four children and a sick husband; "I'm sick of potatoes, potatoes. Some days I buy a cod's head to boil with them to give them a flavour." Then she added with a laugh, "I pick out the eyes while it's cooking and eat them on a bit of bread. Tasty after so much potatoes."

J. B. was the leader of the unemployed in a northern town and happened to be rather good-looking. He began to get soft and fat. I chaffed him—"Bloated capitalist on unemployment pay." "We are living on porridge and potatoes," he said, "it's a diet you get flabby on."

He was known as an "agitator"—couldn't get any of the extras the good boys get. Now he is dying of tuberculosis. There is a lump in my throat when I pass the corner on which he used to hold his crowd. Compulsory slimming diet!!

A pile of reports of medical officers of health in the distressed areas lies on my desk. Here's one. The average death-rate of babies for towns of this size—England and Wales—(that's including the bad spots, note) is 55 per thousand. Death-rate in this area is 200 per thousand.

"Of course, these mothers have so many children they don't feel it like we would," one of the women M.P.s said to me after I had raged about these figures in the House of Commons. Don't they?

One of my grimmest jobs is to have to visit the home where the dead baby lies covered with a shawl in the living-room, "It's God's will," said the parson consolingly.

"It's not God, it's the P.A.C.," shouted the husband. "She didn't get enough to eat while the baby was coming. She had to give the welfare milk to little Agnes, who was poorly."

Poverty at this level is hell. Do you ever wonder why 95 per cent. of criminals come from the poorest classes?

There was a lad of nineteen on the Jarrow march to London, intelligent face but sulky and on guard. Good food, fresh air and regular exercise on the march performed a miracle. He became the right-hand man of the organisers, cheerful, ready for any hardship.

Three days out on the road I got a shocked letter from a social worker in Jarrow: "I hear that X is with you. Do you know that he has seventeen convictions, dating from the time he was ten? For the credit of your march, I urge you to send him back to Jarrow."

★ ★ ★

That letter I kept to myself. The men knew, anyway. As we stood together facing the excited crowd that welcomed us back, I said to X, glowing with health and high spirits, "You'll keep straight now, won't you?"

"If I get a job," he said, "but I don't suppose I'll have the luck. Some nosey parker will write and split on me."

He was right. Another conviction after three months of unemployment. "That lad you liked is heading straight for penal servitude," says the kindly police-sergeant.

The overwork of the women makes me wild. In a six-roomed house five minutes' walk from where I live in London, thirty-six souls live, fourteen of them adult and working. I called to see one of the women who was helping me on a committee. She asked me in to her rooms apologetically.

Two rooms, fairly big, one with three beds and other furniture, the other with a large double bed. Seven people lived in those two rooms. Cooking, washing, everything had to be done, and every drop of water carried upstairs.

Famous as a hard-hitting speaker, Ellen Wilkinson hits out as bitterly in this article against Britain's worst shame

These were intelligent people, interested in politics. The boy was studying for a technical scholarship. In those crowded rooms he had to study—and compete with lads who went home to a private room in comfortable houses.

"I like being away from home. They're always quarrelling," said a tired girl who, after being on her feet all day in a shop, came out night after night to help distribute election literature. I have known her parents since I was at school.

★ ★ ★

I went to their wedding. Two healthy, happy young people very much in love. Then came four children. The man, a steady and industrious clerk, never earned more than £3 a week even in the good times.

He now earns 38s. at a City warehouse. His daughter earns 20s.—58s. to keep up appearances! Each child after the first was a catastrophe.

"We are struggling against debt all the time," the wife said bitterly. "I have to take more of Bianca's wages than is fair to her, but when do I get any new clothes? At least she is young. My life's done and what's it been?"

Poverty makes me wild. It's such hard lines on the men. Not every working man spends his evenings at the pub. Most of them can't afford to. They can hardly afford anything when the children come. Every penny has to be counted.

With more mouths to feed the wife tends to resent every sixpence the man spends on himself. If the man is a decent sort, he is ashamed, too.

Poverty is such rough luck on the sick. There is an idea that the poor can get hospital treatment free whenever they want it, while the middle classes have to pay big bills.

There is some truth in that. Poverty, real and grinding poverty, is not confined to manual workers. It's hard to be poor if you are sick, whether you live in a slum or an avenue. There are not nearly enough beds in our hospitals even for the urgent cases.

But I hate poverty worst of all because it is unnecessary. We could organise life better. It is possible to arrange for at least a tolerable minimum for every family in this scientific age.

If we can get enough people to hate poverty hard enough and not just acquiesce, perhaps we can get on with the job of organising it out of existence.

Europe's Shopping Basket reveals-

★

Dictators and Governments may fill the world with their clamour, but sooner or later they must stand their trial before the housewives of the nations they rule. No use, then, pointing to conquest of arms.

They will be asked what they have done to keep larders full, prices of food and clothes within the means of the working-man's pay packet.

This article has been written to show Britain's housewives how their sisters in Europe are living, meeting their problems, and what hopes they have of the New Year.

SHE is a widow and keeps a small general store in the Rhineside town of St. Goar, famous for the bleak ruin of the great castle of Rheinfels towering on the adjacent hill.

In the summer she lets out two or three rooms to visitors. Extra work, but it means a few more precious marks with which to face the winter and the ensuing year.

Customers come into her shop for trifling purchases of groceries. Money is scarce and every pfennig —one hundredth part of a shilling —has to be watched. There is never any mention of politics.

She returns the Nazi salute perfunctorily and with weariness like so many small shopkeepers all over the country. Moreover, she is a Roman Catholic and, in the present state of persecution, she has to be doubly careful, especially as her youngest son is a monk.

Along with millions of others, she has seen her savings gradually disappear. The Nazi regime is costly to its citizens, but one must go on paying because it is for Germany.

There is no hope of saving for the future. You must squeeze everything you can out of your few marks, and there will be nothing left over. Yet there was a time when she had quite a nest-egg on deposit at the bank down the road.

Food is expensive. Poor quality butter costs 1s. 10d. a pound. Decent meat fetches 2s. a pound, even in this country town.

It used to be cheaper to go up-river to Coblenz to shop, but last time she went they sold her whale as a substitute for veal. And her favourite liver sausage was made from codfish. Everything is substitute nowadays.

Why, even the dress she is wearing is made of some curious fabric that was once the bark of birch trees.

Hans, her eldest son, who is employed as a baker's assistant at 30s. a week, has a new suit of synthetic cloth.

Even so, it cost him nearly two months' wages. He saved up more than a year for it and when it rains it lets in water.

"It is hopeless to rely on eggs. One in six is bad, anyway. Better to use fish albumen for making those big cakes without which no German household is complete.

One consolation in the dreary outlook is that the wine crop was good. Next door at the wineshop, where the proprietor has his own press, she can get a big bottle of fine wine for 1s. It is something.

★ ★ ★

Two smartly-dressed carabiniers, with broad, cocked hats and swords in silver scabbards, make their way carefully down the treacherous, cobbled pavement of one of the hundreds of narrow, tortuous passages that serve for streets on the waterfront of Genoa.

The January sun is lighting up the deep canyons made by the warren of tall houses, which seem to ascend directly to the sky through a confusion of washing.

Scores of unkempt urchins are playing and screeching round the open water-tap that supplies the whole neighbourhood.

Climbing to the fourth floor of one of the houses, the two officers knock on the door of a poor apartment and tell the old woman within that Pedro, her son, has died of wounds in Spain "for the honour of the Duce and Italy." Last year she had a similar visitation. Then it was to announce the death of another son in Abyssinia. Also for the honour of the Duce and Italy.

In Italy they do not put too great stress on the value of human life. It is part of the Italian character. After the first spell of sorrow, the bereaved mother takes pride of place among her neighbours because she has given two sons for the Fascist cause.

On Sunday she will be in the forefront of the great crowd of people on the Piazza De Ferrari, wearing the deepest mourning in the Continental style, to cheer madly at a demonstration of the Fascist militia to which her sons belonged.

In the narrow passages down by the waterfront, it is all very squalid and insanitary.

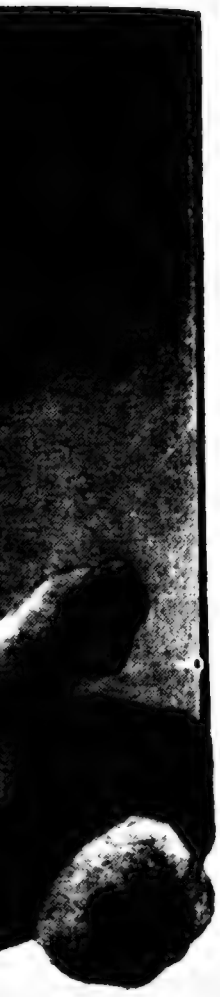
There is none of that love of cleanliness which we find in Holland, Germany, or Switzerland.

Only the bed linen is always kept scrupulously clean, and that is why every alley looks like a ship in full sail.

There was never much money down the alley. Every year it gets less and less, and the tax-gatherer calls more and more often with some new demand.

Rations of spaghetti and tomato, scraggy mutton and scraps of veal for the numerous family are becoming smaller and smaller.

But what of that? It is a worthy sacrifice, and one which is making Italy "the greatest country in the



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Food Facts and Figures

FRANCE
Food Imports and Exports
£69,487,000
Defence
£143,000,000

GERMANY
Food Imports and Exports
£76,000,000*
Defence
£116,916,000

ITALY
Food Imports and Exports
£100,000,000
Defence
£200,000,000

AUSTRIA
Food Imports and Exports
£1,220,000
Defence
£4,000,000

SWITZERLAND
Food Imports and Exports
£15,000,000
Defence
£4,000,000

BRITAIN
Food Imports and Exports
£387,593,721
Defence
£197,000,000

** This figure is for food imports only, food exports from Germany being almost negligible.*

What the Women have to Face

world." Such is the force of propaganda under the grim, relentless Fascist régime.

The housewife counts her few miserable lire and goes out to bargain with the unshaved stall-holders in the market place.

To-day there will be only soup made from water and cabbage, a couple of tomatoes and a few shreds of *pâté*, made to taste like something by a sprinkling of grated cheese.

It is all she can afford. Wages have fallen to round about a pound a week, out of which taxes and rent must be paid. A family meal that costs sixpence is almost a banquet.

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In the thousand and one coffee-houses of Vienna silent groups sit round the tables reading newspapers in front of empty cups.

From time to time cat-footed waiters bring along new batches of papers and magazines fresh from the presses. The whole of one corner is filled with papers on long sticks, and the place is full of people. In poverty-stricken Vienna, the coffee house has replaced the home.

All the people you see are just ordinary folk. They sit all their leisure hours in the café, because they cannot afford fuel for their homes.

It is warm and the big upholstered benches are roomy and comfortable. Coffee costs only a matter of sixpence a cup, complete with a pile of whipped cream, and you can stay all day without buying a second.

These unhappy people have to live on one frugal meal a day. Their wages are miserable, but they put a brave face on their shabbiness.

Here is a bank clerk. He has not had a new suit for years and sees no prospect of getting one. There is a shopgirl, trying to conceal poverty with a touch of cheap finery.

Unhappy Austria is the unwanted state of Europe and Vienna is a capital that is slowly dying. The big hotels are luxurious, but only foreigners can afford to stay in them.

Prices in the shops are high. Coffee costs anything up to 4s. a lb. and bacon 3s. Pork and beef are real luxuries, far beyond the pocket of ordinary people. Even black bread costs 1s. a loaf.

Behind the great apartment houses which line the main streets there is repeated time after time the tragic story of abject poverty. Tens of thousands are unemployed. Hundreds of thousands live close to the starvation line, making the smart shops of the Ring seem a mockery.

There are beggars everywhere.

See that wretched young mother cowering with her infant child in the shadow of the opera portico? She is no impostor. She is literally starving. Give her a schilling and she will weep for gratitude, for such bounty means she and her child can live for two days at least, for their bed is the street and the portico their roof.

Each day brings news of more suicides. Such is the outlook for the ordinary Viennese for 1938.

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In Paris there may be confusion of the most serious kind, but out in the provinces life in France goes on as usual.

Paris is a place where Frenchmen and foreigners go to spend money riotously. The Parisians, themselves, are a race apart.

Let us take the housewife in a country town in lovely Provence. She reads of strange events in distant Paris, of erratic happenings to the franc on the export market, of impending disaster.

Her only worry is the gradual rise in the price of foodstuffs in the local shops, and that is serious.

But somehow, whatever the cost of living, she contrives to live exactly the same as before. And in some miraculous way she always has a little over to put away in the proverbial stocking hidden in the chimney. There will also be something left over to take the children to the seaside in the summer. The normal routine of the year must be carried on and only when the ordinary housewife is prevented from doing so will there be a violent revolution in France.

Out in the streets workmen are digging up the road. At lunch-time—two hours—everyone will adjourn to a café and drink a glass of red wine and produce a meal from a basin or tin—no hunk of bread and cheese, but a real dinner.

Then a cup of black coffee and a fierce argument on the topic of the day, or a game of backgammon (jacquet).

In the market, housewives and the vegetable women will have their daily altercation on the price of a cauliflower. The butcher will have to cut the joint to the very ounce required.

There will be the women who will always have an hour to spend looking at the shops. And there will be the peasants who persist in wearing their clothes until they drop from their backs to save a few sous.

Paris may have sit-down strikes and life may be made generally unpleasant by reason of political crisis.

Such things must happen, philosophise the provincial Frenchmen, in a capital where hundreds of politicians must find something to wrangle about on the pretence of governing the country.

But in the rest of the country the women will count up their weekly budget and skilfully make their husbands think there never was such a thing as *la vie chère* (dear living).

This in a land where a chicken may cost 7s. 6d. and eggs 4d. each.

For the average Frenchwoman in the country the outlook for 1938 will be very much like that of any other year. Anyway, the larder must never be bare.

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Across the border in Switzerland a nation of hotel-keepers looks to 1938 with renewed hope. The bad, old days of dear money have gone by, and once more the big trains rumble towards the mountains filled with foreign tourists, those tourists who have been missing for years and who bring prosperity to many a town and valley.

The farmer is able to sell his milk and cheese and livestock more easily. Big hotels are taking down shutters that have been up for years.

How often was it the case during the period of dear money that hotels with five hundred bedrooms tried to put on an appearance of gaiety with only fifty guests. Dining in the vast, highly illuminated restaurants was like a prelude to an ornate funeral.

Millions of francs, not a few of them English money, too, were lost in the bad years when visitors discovered other countries had mountains and snow and hotels which were much cheaper.

Scores of towns, many world-famous, although actually only exaggerated villages, depend on tourists for their existence. Now the hotels are filling up, and shops which have been at the point of bankruptcy for years are busy replenishing their stocks of souvenirs and bric-a-brac.

In the northern industrial areas locomotive works are now on full time and there are even orders for Swiss watches.

What matter if prices are high—mutton 2s. a pound, butter nearly 2s. 6d., and coffee 3s. to 4s.? Wages are also high. There is not much unemployment.

In the big cities the housewife begins to realise she need not draw on the family savings to live well, nor buy so many commodities out of a tin.

Up in the mountains where thousands of families, snowed-in for the winter, are employing their leisure making garments, embroideries and carving toys, there is a new hope.

Money is circulating and thrift will once more have its reward.

A happier prospect for the New Year than exists in the lands of the dictators.

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And now what of Britain?

Food prices have risen—4d. extra on a pound of tea, 2d. on home-killed meat, ½d. on sugar, 2d. on butter and 3d. on a dozen eggs. These are telling figures.

But wages have increased and the millions more in our pay packets, if they do not leave us richer, at least help to meet the higher cost of living.

For the workless man there is also the prospect that his unemployment assistance may shortly be increased to some kind of conformity with the new cost of living figure.

More cheerful still is the fact that in no country in the world is there such a profusion of foodstuffs of all kinds as in Britain.

This and the knowledge that our personal liberty of action and thought will never be taken from us should give this New Year happier prospects than any since the war.

Next Week:

The truth about the underworld of Britain's great cities has never yet been told. Though London's night life is often described in print, the public knows little of the sinister conditions flourishing in Manchester, Liverpool, Cardiff and other populous industrial centres.

These hidden evils have been investigated by Stanley Bishop, our crime expert.

Next week he begins an unvarnished factful account of what he witnessed by taking you behind the scenes of Glasgow's gangster area.

Without Fear or Favour

New Year's New Broom

IT cannot be denied that 1938 begins happily for Britain.

More prosperity, less unemployment than has been known for many years. A freedom from some of the evils against which JOHN BULL has long campaigned.

But much still remains for us to accomplish.

Let us hope first, that in the next twelve months the standard of life of our people will be raised. Particularly must paid-holidays-for-all be made law.

There must be an intensified drive against the slums which disfigure our towns. Rural housing, shamefully neglected now, must be tackled in earnest. Old-age pensions should be increased. The rising cost of living must be restricted and freed from profiteering.

Parliament must see that we get good value for the £6,000 which—unfortunately—we shall be compelled to spend every minute during 1938 on armaments.

Miners must get a better deal. Conditions in the Services should be improved. Agriculture must be stimulated.

Above all, the despairing pleas of the Distressed Areas must at last be heeded.

Yes, there's plenty to do yet. May young 1938 get busy with his new broom!

Though he comes into a happier world, there are plenty of old evils for him to tidy up!

OPEN LETTERS

Sir HENRY RICHARDS, C.B., LL.D.,
Chairman, British Educational Associations

Dear SIR HENRY,

Next week you will pilot the proceedings at what ought to be one of the most powerful national conferences of education workers ever held.

* * *

I implore you to use your authority to keep one matter in the limelight more than any other—the monstrous neglect that still attends the care of children's health in the schools.

It is appalling that one child out of every five medically tested in the schools during 1937 should have been found to be in urgent need of treatment, and nearly three out of every four in peril of illness or crippling debility because of the insufficiency of dental treatment alone.

* * *

Worst fetish of all which obsesses your professional colleagues these days is the idea that fitness will be best achieved by more intense gymnasium work. Physical training on empty stomachs is a menace.

If you and your fellow educationists also bear in mind next week that 300,000 children are still taught in condemned and insanitary schools, your conference will be of consummate value.—JOHN BULL.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,
Ambassadors' Court, S.W.1

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, — Rumourmongers who specialise in absurd gossip about the Royal House are finding the Court announcements these days a fertile field for speculation and invention.

They revel especially in the bulletins reporting the frequency with which you are having long consultations with Ministers and representatives of all departments of public life.

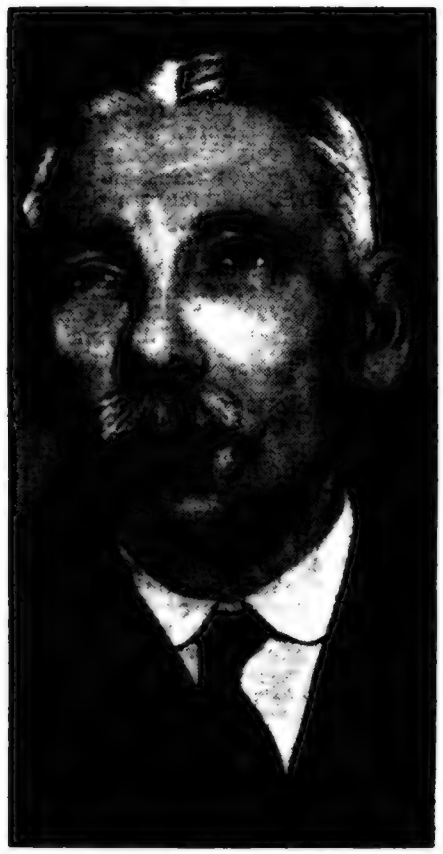
It would be well if their voices were silenced by another announcement—that you are developing this acquaintance with affairs of State solely because you are a Privy Councillor and may at any time be appointed to a Council to act in the absence of the King.

Your zeal for service must not be misinterpreted.—JOHN BULL.

Maj.-Gen. R. H. HAINING,
Director of Intelligence, M.I. 5 War Office

DEAR SIR,—Production of steel and the importation of copper in Germany are known to have reached unprecedented levels in the past two months.

The Ministry of Economics in Berlin would have the world believe that the spurt has been necessary solely to make



An immense opportunity at your hand, Sir Henry Seize it.

up arrears in the normal demands of ordinary industry and development.

Yet, this week, from four large centres in Germany I have unquestionable information that non-armament industries, such as building, have become almost stagnant because all metal supplies have been completely suspended.

The news should have significance for you.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir IAN HAMILTON,
Hyde Park Gardens, W.2

DEAR GENERAL,—In Japan you are regarded as the greatest living British soldier—a tradition that has survived since you were an observer in the Russo-Japanese War thirty-four years ago.

I think you should have known better, therefore, than to declare in an after-dinner speech the other night that the road of the Emperor of Japan is clearly marked—Hankow, Hong Kong, Singapore, Bahmo, Assam, Bengal.

Then you added that it would take all Europe to hold up the yellow legions on this march. Of all people, you should know sufficient of Japanese psychology to realise that this line of talk must only encourage Tokio to pursue its campaign of bluff and audacity.—JOHN BULL.

The PRIMATE,
Canterbury

YOUR GRACE,—This week the hat is being sent round for public charity towards nearly 3,000 clergymen who are in receipt of incomes "which the Church is almost ashamed to mention."

How you must detest the necessity for this kind of cadging.

But how easily it could be dispensed with if only you would throw your support into a scheme to fix and provide a living wage for every benefice from a central fund.

Even though this would mean overriding the hostility of those parsons who receive most and do least and whose incomes would have to be revised.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

SIR,—Government propagandists are shrieking news from your Department that in the past year five million workers have shared in wage increases to the extent of £750,000.

Simple arithmetic would tell them that for this minority there has been an average rise of only three shillings a week—poor enough compensation for the advance in food prices.

Why do you and they omit reference to the eleven million other insured workers who have not had even this meagre benefit?—JOHN BULL.

Judge DALE,
Birmingham

DEAR SIR,—Accept my thanks for joining in my crusade against the law of distress which still allows landlords to put in the bailiffs and to sell up as much as they like of their tenants' possessions for paltry arrears of rent.

You are apparently so horrified because one working-class tenant had £30 worth of furniture seized for a rent debt of £2 17s. that you declare it to be one of the most wicked forms of oppression in existence.

My files bulge with examples that make this look like a very commonplace case.—JOHN BULL.

The COMMISSIONERS,
Special Areas

GENTLEMEN,—How you must smile at the flood of half-facts which is being released to swell the Government's imaginary tide of prosperity that is supposed to be sweeping over all the workers!

Nearly half a million competent men of just over forty years of age are still exiled from industry as unemployable—80,000 of them exactly that age in the distressed areas alone.

They see nothing ahead of them but enforced idleness, and they are getting more and more out of condition for work if it ever comes their way.

Your voices will be heard if you demand that it be made a condition of all Government and other public works contracts that a percentage of these men should be employed on them.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. H. ELVIN,
Chairman, General Council, T.U.C.

DEAR MR. ELVIN,—At last you have forced the Home Secretary to concede that urgent revision of the law of workmen's compensation is necessary.

Before the Acts are remodelled, however, one outstanding compensation scandal deserves the attention of your Council.

I refer to the outrageous "buying off" of disabled workers by certain employers' insurance companies.

Broken men and women are being persuaded in an alarming number of cases to accept hopelessly inadequate lump-sum payments.

Soon they find themselves stranded without any means of redress.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR MACNALTY,
Chief M.O., Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR ARTHUR, — Provisional figures prepared in your Department, I understand, reveal that the cost of ill-health to the nation during 1937 was not less than £300,000,000.

This is not to be wondered at. I learn from other sources that for every £1 spent on treatment, maintenance and so on during that period, less than a half-penny was expended on research work into means of prevention.—JOHN BULL.

Major-General B. G. HILL,
President, Rugby Union

DEAR GENERAL,—Sportsmen as a body will follow with sympathy an effort which, I learn, you are to make to cleanse the Rugby game.

No one knows better than you that in too many places it is no longer being played in the right spirit.

But you will err if you persist in the belief that the laxity of past legislators of the game is responsible for the decadence.

Most referees this season have done their utmost to keep it clean, but their attempts at firmness are being resented and deliberately resisted.

Only fierce discipline by your Union of the clubs concerned can check the rot.—JOHN BULL.

Octopus that is Strangling Britain

by A. G. Gardiner

The growth of aircraft industry is one of many that are flooding the South. View of a typical large aircraft factory.

THE most significant thing that is happening in our internal economy to-day is the revolution in British industry.

I return to the subject now because of the new light that is thrown on it by the comparative analysis just published by the Ministry of Labour.

Two striking phases of the revolution are sharply illustrated in that analysis. One is the changing character of industry.

The other—and that to which I wish to draw special attention once more—is the changing location of industry.

Let us look at the basic facts first. Measured in bulk, total employment in industry was never so prosperous as it is to-day. There are more people in work than at any period in our history.

Between 1923 and the present year—the period covered by the Ministry's comparison—there has been an increase of 24½ per cent. in the number of insured people in employment.

That is to say, for every four people employed in 1923, five are employed now. The bulk of this increase has taken place in the last five years, and in the last twelve months alone the rise has been no less than 5 per cent.

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It is when we analyse the figures that we discover the startling change that is coming over the character of industry.

In the past the great pillars of our prosperity have been the staple industries—coal, iron, steel, cotton, wool and shipping. Those industries are, of course, still of capital importance.

Some of them, like iron and steel, shipbuilding, and even coal, have, after a period of deep depression, shown signs of revival. Some, like cotton, are still stagnant. Taken as a whole, they are still below the 1923 level.

But it is in other directions that we have to look for the explanation of the great expansion in employment. There are three main causes.

The first is the sensational development of new industries, associated chiefly with the internal combustion engine and the application of electricity to industry.

While the textile industries have declined, and while mining employment has fallen by 37 per cent., the motor industry has doubled and the electrical trades have more than doubled.

About one-third of the increase in employment has occurred in engineering, motor-vehicle, cycle and aircraft industries, the electrical trades and metal industries.

The second cause of the increased volume of employment is the expansion of the distributive trades, in which 750,000 more people are engaged than in 1923.

As trade becomes more complex and more competitive, and as the standard of living rises, an increased number of people are employed in transferring the commodities to the consumer.

It is this fact that largely explains the increase in prices over the counter, and there seems urgent need for an enquiry into the possible simplification of distribution.

Finally, a substantial part of the increase has been due to the activity in the building trade and to what are described as miscellaneous services, including hotel, boarding-house service, entertainments, sports, laundries, etc. These miscellaneous services have increased in the aggregate by 75 per cent., and, like the rise in distributive costs, largely reflect the rise in the standard of living.

One conclusion to be drawn from these facts seems obvious. The rise in employment is due not entirely to increased production in trade, but in some measure to a more expensive way of life.

It is in the non-productive callings that the expansion of employment is most marked.

★ ★ ★

I turn from the change in the character of industry to the change in the location of industry. On this subject the Ministry's comparison is most illuminating.

While the staple industries were prosperous, the North of England was the unchallenged power-house of the nation.

Drawing a line from The Wash to the Bristol Channel, you might say that north of that line was industrial England, south of it rural England, plus the Metropolis.

But with the slump in the staple industries and the rise of the new industries, there has been a stampede of manufacturers southwards, and especially to the vicinity of London.

Of the increase of 2,350,000 of insured people in employment in 1937, as against 1923, four-fifths have found work in the Midlands and the South. Employment in the Southern section (including the Midlands) has risen by 42.1 per cent.

In the Northern section, employment has been at a standstill but for the recent fillip due to rearmament.

The migration of nearly a million workpeople with their families to the South has changed the whole balance of the nation.

There is scarcely a country town within fifty miles of London which has not been changed by the great trek southward.

Oxford, under the wand of Lord Nuffield, has become as famous for its manufactures as for its learning. Luton, in Bedfordshire, has swollen out of all recognition.

The pastures of Slough have become a vast factory.

Chelmsford is so bursting with business that its narrow streets are well-nigh impassable.

And so on. The London area, in short, is an octopus that is sucking the industrial life of the nation to itself.

This is undesirable for two reasons. The nation exists as a whole and the prosperity of one corner is dearly purchased at the price of the impoverishment of the rest.

No one can doubt that it would have been of enormous benefit to the country if, with the depression that the war and its consequences brought to the great industries of the North, the new industries had been established there.

Labour, the social services, the power, all the necessaries of production were on the spot, and every consideration of national well-being pointed to the urgency of this being done.

That urgency still holds, and no effort should be spared that would serve to turn the tide of industry back to the stricken towns of Lancashire and the North-East Coast.

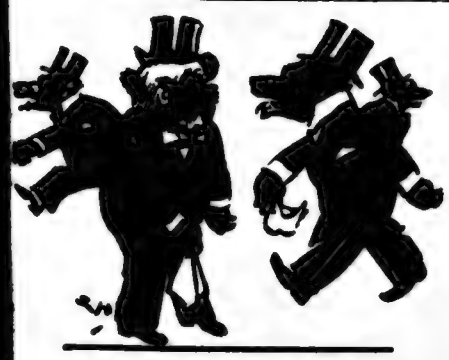
★ ★ ★

And there is another reason why the stampede to the South is to be deplored. In the present condition of the world the concentration of industry and population in the most vulnerable area of the country invites disaster.

We cannot undo the mischief now. But we can, and should, prevent its aggravation. The Metropolitan area should be put "out of bounds" so far as further industrial expansion is concerned.

Both Sir Malcolm Stewart and Sir George Gillett, who, in turn, have had to deal with the problem of the distressed areas, have urged this. And the restriction should be rigorously enforced. We cannot say where new industries shall go. But we can say where they shall not go.

What do YOU want A. G. Gardiner to write about?



Not from the B.B.C.

Sing a song of Christmas
Now that it is past;
Maybe you were merry,
Still, it cannot last!
Heed, I beg, what Dr.
Henry Wilson's said:
There's a bad time coming—
Fifty years ahead!

Even while wishing my benighted readers a not too unhappy New Year, I cannot help brooding upon the miserable time that's coming to them in 1987. And 2037 will be even worse!

For this I have the authority of Dr. Henry Wilson, the Bishop of Chelmsford, who, while the waits were very noisily urging us to let nothing us dismay, disguised himself as the Fat Boy of "Pickwick" and set himself to make our flesh creep.

2037 and all That!

Divorce reform and the falling birth-rate, he told us in a gay Christmas communiqué, "arouse anxious thoughts." Indeed unless somebody does something or other: "In fifty years' time there will be few children to hang up their stockings. In a hundred years' time there will be less still, and Christmas will be celebrated by a group of old fogies huddled round the fire in great cities where half the houses are empty."

After this, Yuletide festivities seemed a mockery, and I was mildly surprised when, instead of turning to dust and ashes in my mouth, the turkey tasted pretty much as usual. This, presumably, was because we have become so accustomed to pulpit pessimists and public gloom-mongers that their words mean about as much as an hon. apology from hon. Japanese Government.

The truth is that the slump orators and woe-getters have administered their poison in such excessive quantities that we have become immune. By giving us each day our daily crisis they have rendered us shock-proof.

Nowadays when the Shock Exchange succumbs to an attack of vapours we are no longer haunted by the prospect of gilt-edged insecurities being sold as waste paper, and we are left unmoved by the spectacle of top-hatted bears rushing down Throgmorton Street making a noise like a sponge-cake that has been left out in the rain.

Ever since the last war the immediate arrival of the "next" has been predicted. And ever since the last slump the mere announcement that trade figures are soaring or factories working overtime is quoted as proof positive that a brand-new slump is on the way.

Yet somehow we have survived another year of such predictions, and while imaginary wolves howl outside the door the cat continues to purr upon the hearth-rug.

When the bells ring out the old year and they ring the New Year in
And you rise, the guest to welcome with a glass,
Instead of speculating if the "next war" we will win,
Think of all the wars that have not come to pass!

Though the jaws of the Dictators have not ceased to thrust and snap,
And of "crisis" we have had a large variety,
Another year has come and gone and still we're on the map,
Though a Bishop views the future with anxiety!

So when prophets talk of losses and blind gloomsters lead the blind
And fresh jitters in the City cause a stir,
Consider the disasters in the year we leave behind
That were forecast—yet neglected to occur!

Y. Z.

"This is a case which angers me—"

Sir Wyndham Childs

Touring Stage Show Scandal

Chief-Constable G. T. Hall, Canterbury Police

Bobby Huson, singing star of "Something Different," was its proprietor, too. He let his cast down shamefully

BAD times this last Christmas for the members of a comedy revue company touring in a show called "In Fun To-night." They were left penniless, and entirely to their own resources, at Canterbury.

While members of the public enjoyed the local theatrical fare, a number of old troupers, who ought to have been on the stage for our (and their) delight, were obliged to stay at home. Because they had no money. Because, in the language of the theatre, "they had no shop."

Now, some two and a half months ago a group of artistes of all kinds assembled on the stage of a theatre at Bourne, in Lincolnshire.

They had gathered together in the fullest hope, under the management of Mr. Bobby Huson—then of Blucher Street, Barnsley, Yorks—and, in true theatrical tradition, were prepared to put up a show that would beat the band.

* * *

Mr. Huson was the proprietor of "Zip" productions. His letter-headings indicated a series of productions, including "Aladdin," "Robinson Crusoe" and "Mother Goose" and revues entitled "In Fun To-night," "Golden Moments" and "Laughter on Parade."

For the moment the company was to give the revue "Something Different." In the bill were many performers who did not know Bobby Huson had also been known as Tony Lennox, Robert Banks and Robert Huson.

"Something Different" proved to be equal to its title. The company only received part of their "treasury" at the end of the first week.

At Hetton-le-Hole, in Durham, there was the same story of miserable support, and comedians, chorus-girls and other members of the company were again made the victims on Friday night. Two of the principals had to be satisfied with 12s. 6d. for the week's work.

Next week there was only 7s. 6d. for the same pair, and, naturally, landladies could not be paid.

For a while this new troupe of Good Companions, playing in "Something Different," went from town to town always with the invincible optimism that something would turn up. It never did.

* * *

Manager Bobby Huson, described as the "golden-voiced baritone," reinforced his confidence with ample refreshment obtained from time to time on credit while the rest of the company went hungry.

When it was found necessary to move from place to place, the same Huson would obtain credit from the proprietor of the next theatre on his booking list on the score of the subsequent week's takings.

Thus the party was compelled to leave a trail of disappointment and debt behind which extended from Lincolnshire to the north and to Worcestershire in the Midlands.

The chorus-girls by this time had decided to seek greater security elsewhere, but Bobby Huson, still displaying a characteristic optimism, changed the name of the show to "In Fun To-night," and announced he was opening at the Odeon Music Hall in Canterbury.

Backing of the show seems to have disappeared during its peregrinations up country, and Mr. Huson telegraphed to Canterbury asking for £20 to pay the necessary travelling expenses if the show was to open.

Money was duly sent and the company arrived. Bobby Huson sang at the two houses on the Friday night, but on Saturday he was missing. His company, still thinking something unavoidable had happened, gave their performance as usual.

Since then most of them have been stranded. Players were left without a farthing with which to pay their landladies, let alone their fares home. One illusionist, and his partner had 28 cwt. of properties to look after and not a penny to pay fares or transport.

Two of the anxious performers went to the local police station in the hope of getting something done.

But the police, though sympathetic, regretted there was no way in the circumstances in which they could intervene.

Had it not been for the admirable generosity of the manager of the Odeon Music Hall at Canterbury many of the players would have starved.

Why is an individual like Bobby Huson permitted to take a company of professional players round the country in this way?

* * *

Despite much legislation and the close watch of legitimate theatrical managers, there is still far too much speculative theatrical promotion in this country, which causes endless distress to a class of the community who are always the first to give of their best to the cause of human merriment and, above all, to charity.

Down the WELL

ROBERT JOHN BURGESS, a young farm labourer, of Chantry Cottages, Bredgar, Kent, slipped down a disused well near his back garden gate on a recent early morning when it was yet dark.

The well had been covered over during the war, but recent frost and rain must have disturbed the covering earth. Burgess fell tragically down 200 feet to death into 65 feet of foul water.

For three days, from Friday until Monday, the police worked unceasingly in an effort to recover the body. Danger of poisonous fumes precluded the descent of any rescuers to the surface of the water in the well that had become a cesspit.

* * *

Nevertheless, operations with draggers only ceased when it was obvious the man was dead. The police then withdrew—for they have no authority to expend public money except when there is a chance of rescue.

A conference took place between the local coroner and the police. The coroner had a certain sum of money at his disposal, but not enough to pay expenses for recovering the body.

It was therefore decided to get in touch with the Home Office, which in turn asked for a report.

Nothing more happened until the following Wednesday, when the Home Office suggested the coroner should get in touch with the County Council.

* * *

Later a second report was asked for.

On the Friday, the Joint Standing Committee of the Kent County Council debated the question, and it was found the total cost of recovering the body would be £100. In the circumstances it was decided to refer the issue to the Ministry of Health.

And so the question has been before police, coroner, Home Office, County Council and Ministry of Health.

And the body remains at the bottom of the well!

Apart from the scandal of "red-tape," what of the relatives? They have our deepest sympathy.

Be Wary of These Four

UNDER the heading "Gambling," a letter recently appeared in a number of periodicals over the name of J. Vernon, 18, Midholm, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

It urged "readers who desire to end the pernicious forms of gambling now prevalent in this country" to get into touch with him.

People who did write to Vernon have received an amazing effusion. It starts off by deploring the fact that there could be no more bitter opponent of gambling than Vernon, who was left "very poorly off" many years ago by his once-wealthy father.

"Since I reached man's estate," continues Vernon, "I have made it my life's work to counteract the widespread evil."

Following a bitter attack on Tattersall's Betting Committee, which he has the audacity to say, "batten on the foolish," he goes on to expound a scheme whereby he proposes to "fight the Devil with his own weapons."

Apparently, during Vernon's investigations, he has made "contact" with people who can give him the names of horses that are "certs."

With the aid of this information his scheme is to back the infallible horses, laying the wagers—insidiously, so to speak—with members of Tattersall's week by week.

By backing these certain winners, Vernon concludes, the resources of the Tattersall's men will be continually drained, and their financial security undermined.

Of course, the money needed for this onslaught on the Devil is to be provided by the foolish people who join Vernon in his life's work against gambling—and to whom he appeals for "donations."

* * *

NOW let me address a special warning to women readers—about an expert criminal who masquerades in a number of guises.

He has recently used, among many others, the aliases of Lacey, Boys, and Lane.

Sometimes he says he is from the General Post Office. On other occasions he poses as an Inspector from the local water board. Often he introduces himself as a surveyor attached to the Housing Committee of whatever town he is working.

Calling at a time when the men of the household are almost sure to be out, this rogue asks either to inspect the drainage system, or survey the premises.

When he uses the G.P.O. guise, he selects a woman shopkeeper and pretends that he wants to look over the establishment in the likelihood that it might be convenient for conversion into a sub-post-office.

The moment he is left alone he steals jewellery, valuables—in fact, anything which is easily hidden and can be turned into ready money.

Complaints about him are rife in London, Glasgow and elsewhere.

* * *

PROFESSOR C. BARRETT, Honorary Secretary of the National Health Propaganda League, which has its headquarters in a house in Sarsfield Road, Greenford, Middlesex, travels the country giving lectures on health topics.

The main purpose of the League appears to be to sell pills and potions to ailing members of the public who are persuaded to become members.

What particular qualifications Professor Barrett has for treating illness, or what his imposing title means, is not clear.

He claims to treat anything from rheumatoid arthritis to neuritis and asthma with damiana pills.

Professor Barrett also offers members consultation and advice on matters of health ranging from optical diagnosis to maternity and family limitation.

And he does it all for a minimum subscription of 1s. 3d.—plus charges for pills, which he is chiefly concerned to unload during his lectures in market places and elsewhere.

I advise sufferers to leave this quack and his "National Health Propaganda League" severely alone.

* * *

MUCH-CRITICISED "charity," Destitute and Homeless Help Society, of Kennington Road, London, S.E.11, has lately had the impudence to advertise in the Press asking for funds.

"If a man is hungry," runs one heading in large type, "he has the right to be fed."

I will not again go into the antecedents of this concern, as most of my older readers will know at once that it is a sham organisation. I have exposed it on several occasions in these columns, and will consider it sufficient for the moment to say that its appeals are thoroughly unworthy of support.

Pity is that advertisements have been accepted for publication when the "charity's" record is so bad.

—SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER

£600,000 Property Crash Disclosures

LOSSES to small investors in property concerns have amounted to the big sum of £600,000 in little more than twelve months.

And that in two concerns only.

We are on the threshold of another year. It is my sincere hope that when 1939 dawns I shall not have occasion to remark a similar record.

For months past I have been seriously perturbed concerning the activities of so-called "Property Societies," which have, through the medium of elaborate literature, personal canvassing and other blandishments, persuaded the small man to invest savings in dubious real-estate schemes.

As much as £5,000,000 has been raised by various property organisations, and, for the most part, the propositions have been entirely above board, offering reasonable rates of interest and complete security to prospective investors.

Side by side with bona-fide organisations, however, there are many concerns which offer terms so alluring as to excite my keenest suspicion.

In fact, the whole business of property investment is so unsatisfactory that, to my mind, it calls for a Board of Trade enquiry.

Most of the speculative concerns to which I am going to allude are not registered at Somerset House as ordinary companies under the Companies Acts, which make it illegal for them not to render full and adequate returns of their financial position.

They are merely registered under the Friendly (Industrial and Provident) Societies Acts, which unfortunately make no such drastic stipulation.

On account of this, these dubious concerns can withhold vital information and sell their shares without fear of immediate intervention by the authorities.

* * *

For ten years I have urged in these columns the advisability of amending the Friendly Societies Acts to bring them more into line with the Companies Acts.

Sir Josiah Stamp's recent committee on the operations of "Property Societies" has reported that many of them will obviously never give any fair return to investors, and states that in some cases they have relied for the subscription of money on inaccurate or misleading statements.

And thus the story of the £600,000 catastrophe in just two concerns.

I will deal in the first place with an organisation called the London and Provincial Property Society, of Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Under the terms of the Friendly Societies Acts, investments must be restricted to £200.

Advantage was taken of this proviso in the beautifully-printed literature of the concern in question when asking for £100,000 from small investors in debentures which were to pay a higher rate of interest than that offered by any reputable building society.

"Since the London and Provincial Society's funds are invested in a wide range of properties in well-chosen localities, nothing short of a national catastrophe can cause serious loss," was one of the enticing phrases used as a bait to the small speculator.

It would appear that something far short of a national catastrophe has interfered in the affairs of this particular society, for, at the moment, it has liabilities amounting to £227,180.

Claims from bond-holders amount to £37,000.

Assets have been returned as £13,000, but it is doubtful if that sum will materialise.

Unsecured creditors demand a mere £20,000.

One Bernard Myers was the man behind this particular concern. He controlled its affairs from July, 1935, just after it was formed, and during the whole period when an advertising campaign invited investment. Now the society has closed its doors.

* * *

Did anyone care to enquire that Myers, who was throughout described as "General Manager," was an undischarged bankrupt?

The liquidator the other day told disillusioned supporters that the "failure of this society is attributed to the unfortunate choice in the general manager."

Is further comment necessary?

A similar organisation was the General Mortgage Society (Great Britain), Ltd., of New Bond Street, London, W., about which enquiring readers were warned by post over eighteen months ago.

Its general aim was very similar, but its scope more ambitious. A brochure headed "The Golden Key to Sound Investment" proclaimed all the advantages of investment in real property.

That golden key opened the door to disaster, for, according to the very latest records before me, the General Mortgage Society to-day has liabilities of £328,200, with assets in the neighbourhood of only £40,000.

Commissions of as much as 27½ per cent. were paid to agents to sell bonds for this particular society!

Lord Halsbury, K.C., and Captain Sir John Hastings Seton were among the directors of this society when the crash came.

When making a statement the other day to the effect that he had only joined the board after the irregularities had occurred, Lord Halsbury said he now had to spend two days a week at Scotland Yard, or the offices of the Public Prosecutor, or the Official Receiver, in an attempt to clean up the mess.

Likewise, Sir John Hastings Seton declared: "I've been a mug."

He added that, following a partnership in a "football pool" business, he took a job with the society at £5 a week, presumably for lending his name to the concern.

* * *

I can tell you the man behind the scenes in this case was the notorious financier, Stanley Grove Spiro, whose name has been often mentioned in share-pushing frauds. He is now in hiding on the Continent to avoid warrants issued in London for his arrest.

Two cases out of many that have come to my notice. There are so many others.

I cannot warn small investors to be too careful in the matter of investing in property through such Friendly Society organisations.

And I look forward to what I demand—a first-class public enquiry into the whole question.

Notorious financier, Stanley Grove Spiro—"now hiding on the Continent".

WHAT IS IT?

What is JOHN BULL'S dramatic New Year surprise?

1,500,000 readers are wondering what is the big sensation to be announced next week.

Take JOHN BULL'S word—it's the biggest thing of its kind that's ever happened and it's Free and Post Free to all.

Don't—don't—don't miss it!

You have been warned . . .

Building Scheme to Shun

IGNORE all cunning offers of employment on condition you pay a registration fee. And especially if you are engaged in the building trade.

In reply to advertisements asking for married men as bricklayers and carpenters at 1s. 6d. an hour for a 40-hour week, men have received a circular letter from the National Service Estates, Canvey Island Branch, Essex.

* * *

Signed by the secretary, Owen B. Buckingham, this has stated that the concern is engaging 1,000 men for a big building scheme, but that a few vacancies still exist.

Then Buckingham adds that down in Dorsetshire the organisation possesses 800 acres of land on which it is intended to build 1,000 houses.

A condition of employment is that a house can be purchased through "our Society" on loans, advances being met by two shillings a week, deducted from wages.

Free transport to Dorset and lodging until such time the new houses are ready for occupation is assured.

Curiously, the organisers of the National Services Estates have not taken the customary legal precaution of registering their business name, although this costs only five shillings.

Yet prospective workers can obtain the advantage of permanent employment in all weathers by handing over a registration fee of one pound only.

One of my investigators discovered the headquarters of the National Services Estates in a small bungalow of the kitchen-cum-dining room kind at the end of a muddy track in Surig Road, Canvey Island.

Maybe that explains why advertisements emphasise "No callers."

Mr. Owen Buckingham also employs his mother to help him send out thousands of circulars.

So—draw your own conclusions.

Ministry's Cruel "No"

PATHETIC, indeed, is the story of a pensionless ex-Service man named Thomas Boyle who, partly on account of a shrapnel wound, cannot open his jaws to masticate his food.

Boyle, who lives in Cybi Place, Holyhead, served in the Machine Gun Corps during the war, and was severely wounded twice before being discharged.

Unfortunately, he did not apply for a pension when he left the service, but after his condition had gradually become worse he did so with distressing results.

The Ministry turned him down.

Yet independent medical opinion stressed that the man's jaw was ankylosed (two bones having joined), and therefore he could not open his mouth. A slight disfigurement had also occurred at the point where the shrapnel struck him.

Boyle was confined to his bed for twelve months with rheumatic fever, but the doctor who has attended him for twelve years asserted that the present condition of his jaw is not due to rheumatism.

This doctor further testifies that the man could not open his mouth even before he was attacked by fever, and contends that, though the rheumatism may have aggravated the ailment, the shrapnel *was primarily responsible for his condition.*

* * *

Moreover, an X-ray photograph has clearly indicated the presence of a piece of shrapnel.

In spite of all this, the Ministry of Pensions still holds that the man is suffering from widespread osteo-arthritis, which accounts for his inability to masticate his food.

Reconsideration of this sad case is obviously most necessary and proper.

EVERY OFFER INVESTIGATED BY JOHN BULL

New Year Opportunities for CLUB AGENTS

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS BY LEADING CLUB FIRMS

YOU CAN EARN £2-3 EXTRA IN YOUR SPARE TIME EVERY WEEK

The quality and value of John England's goods are so remarkable that people all over the country are eager to become members of John England Trust Clubs.

Clubholders! You can start a John England Trust Club with **as few as five 1/- shares**, and in a short while you will be able to earn £2—£3 a week in your spare time from our generous commissions.

All members receive their goods carriage paid directly they make their first payment. All postages and poundage paid. No drawing for chances. No lato turns.

EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN with

JOHN ENGLAND'S TRUST CLUB

WEMBLEY, MIDDX.

The Coupon will bring you full particulars of this wonderful proposition. Post to-day in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

5.63

Someone's going to make MONEY in 1938

POST the COUPON and it can be YOU!

By simply filling in the coupon below you can put yourself well on the way to making extra money in the New Year. For just a few minutes of your spare time each week you can make from £2 up to £5 and more at the friendliest hobby in the world—running "Worldwide" 1/- Weekly Clubs amongst your friends. You need no experience or capital. You've no selling or canvassing to do. Everything you need is provided free. You cannot help but make a success of it.

Members of "Worldwide" Clubs buy direct from our warehouses—saving from 5/- up to 10/- in the £—Footwear, Fashions, Men's Wear, Furniture and Household Goods—all in simple 1/- weekly terms. Goods sent carriage paid. Post this coupon for details—FREE and without any obligation.

Associated Warehouses:
J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd.
Established 1875.

This Coupon can mean at least £2 to YOU!

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "How's Extra Money for You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M..... (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

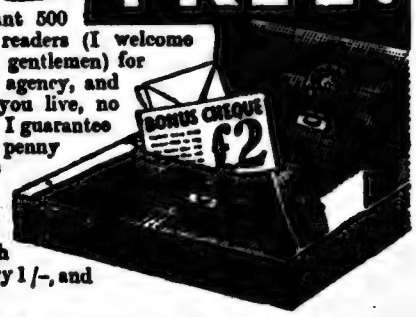
J.B.121. (Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

Mr. A. Herbert, Governing Director of Messrs. A. Herbert & Co., whose remarkable offer gives every ambitious man and woman a chance to earn a good regular income all the year round. No experience or outlay is required.

Send me a P.C. with your name and address—I'll show you how to make big money in your spare time . .

Above: My new modernly-equipped Works. 48-hour service, at Bristol.

FREE!



LISTEN! I want 500 "John Bull" readers (I welcome ladies as well as gentlemen) for a most dignified agency, and no matter where you live, no matter how much time you can devote to it, I guarantee that you will bless the day you spent a penny to get the free working outfit and samples—a box containing the most original, novel and quick-selling lines in printed stationery, all at unheard-of-before prices. Yet, in spite of the phenomenal value, half your cash takings belong to you—you make 6d. in every 1/-, and in addition I offer you

A CASH BONUS OF £2

to set you on your feet. Common sense tells you I could not pay you that sum and send you an expensive outfit without cost or obligation unless I knew positively that you could make money straightaway. You'll be astonished at the amazing values when you open the box (which includes the Cash Bonus Cheque for £2), and so will everyone else. Remember, I do not ask one penny for the sample outfit, nor do I want it returned, but please apply quickly, mentioning "John Bull" on your p.c., and address me personally.

A. HERBERT (Messrs. A. HERBERT & CO.), Albert Grove, Bristol, 5.

AGENTS REQUIRED

HIGHEST COMMISSION PAID

£5 to £8 per week easily earned by live men with spare time to represent London's oldest Cash and Credit Departmental Store.

THIS IS NOT A CLUB DRAW AGENCY. Every appointed Agent can promise his customers immediate delivery on payment of Deposit.

There is no waiting for Club Draw Tickets. Each Representative has Full Range of Samples Supplied without charge. All Illustrated Catalogues and Stationery Free. We specialise in Household Goods, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, Radio and Musical Instruments.

Including Piano Accordions by all the Best Makers.

Jewellery of every description. Our Agents are able to open Accounts on the Most Favourable Terms. No outlay or experience required. Why not send to-day for particulars of Permanent Employment with us at Big Income?

Full details Free upon receipt of a Postcard addressed to "Staff Employment Manager."

J A DAVIS & CO

DRIVER'S GREAT BARGAIN CLUB Offers

BIGGEST PROFIT ● GREATEST VALUE ● EASIER FACILITIES for MONEY MAKING ● PROMPT DELIVERY

FREE 5/- VOUCHER AND GIANT 1938 CATALOGUE

Driver's 1938 1/- a week Bargain Catalogue is packed with coloured illustrations of exceptional offers in Household and Dress Goods, Furniture, Bedding, Clothing, Drapery, etc., and secures members on eight. The high quality of Driver's goods ensures satisfied members. Driver's pay highest commissions, and their Agents are backed by the OLDEST AND BEST CLUB ORGANISATION IN THE COUNTRY.

To everyone interested in spare-time money-making, we will send our 1938 Catalogue, full particulars and free 5/- voucher (which will be accepted as cash on your first order for 20/-). Send a postcard to address below:—

SAMUEL DRIVER LTD. MARSHALL ST. LEEDS, 11.

MAKE YOUR 1938 GOAL BIG EXTRA MONEY

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Sham Doctors who Prey on Women

ASTONISHING how easy it is for a certain type of plausible scoundrel to pass himself off as a medical man, though without the slightest knowledge of the subject. The harm he may do is irrevocable.

Lives may be wrecked by trusting to a false diagnosis. He is unhampered by any professional etiquette. He leaves behind him a train of misery and often of tragedy. And yet, as the law stands to-day, unless he can be charged with obtaining money under false pretences, the maximum fine is £20.

The list of bogus doctors is rapidly on the increase. It is becoming almost a commonplace to pick up a newspaper and find some dishonest rascal has been charged with passing himself off as a medical man without the least qualifications.

In fact, the growth of bogus medical men has become a matter of some concern to Scotland Yard.

The Act of 1858 (Section 40) makes it an offence if anyone "wilfully and falsely uses the title of Doctor of Medicine." But there is no one, apparently, to take steps to see he does not.

Recently, at Winchester Assizes, the case heard where Thomas Ronald Hyman Max Davies was sentenced to four years' penal servitude has brought the position of these sham medical practitioners prominently before the public.

Blackmail patients

Here was a man who had been a modest fireman and an engine cleaner, who by sheer audacity passed himself off as M.R.C.S. and F.R.C.P., and not only imposed on laymen but on the medical fraternity as well. Medical men of high standing accepted him without question and on one occasion he certified the Duke of Manchester as unfit to appear in court.

He posed successfully as a Harley Street physician, walked the wards of London hospitals, performed minor operations, attended women in childbirth, gave hypodermic injections, and was suspected of more serious medical activities.

How was it possible for this man to practise such a barefaced fraud for so long? The answer is that there are over 60,000 names on the medical register and few think of checking it up. In the case of Davies he had stolen the name of a Dr. Davies, of Norfolk, who was dead.

Frequently they use their sham position to blackmail their "patients." A man named William James Sandford was sentenced to ten years at Birmingham last March for blackmailing two women who went to him as patients in good faith.

In his clutches

This man, who wore a white coat and carried a stethoscope as his stock-in-trade, was really a labour master. He got the women in his clutches and, said Mr. Justice Swift, speaking of one of them, "Within an hour or so, having debauched her, you proceeded to menace her."

It is usually another charge than masquerading as a doctor that throws the limelight on these men. Davies and Sandford were sentenced for blackmail. Ernest Pearce Freeman, now serving a four-year sentence, was convicted of bigamy.

This man took the name of a real medical practitioner—who lived in Melbourne—and set up in Birmingham with various letters attached to his name.

He sold the practice to a doctor for £660 whom he actually took round with him and introduced to his patients. He was charged with obtaining drugs, of false pretences, and of indecent assault.

Actually Freeman owned an hotel in Cowes. He was an undischarged bankrupt, and the judge said: "You have a bad record." Yet, although ignorant of medicine, he had got away with it for some time. He was alleged to have had over a hundred women patients.

The danger that threatens women and girls was instanced in the case of a Pole named Hyman Algernon Blaiwais, sentenced at Manchester Assizes to four years' penal servitude.

For years Davies posed successfully as a Harley Street physician and imposed upon medical men. He adopted the name of a deceased doctor

Blaiwais posed as a doctor and was found guilty of serious offences against a girl of sixteen. The girl thought he was sent by her father and he visited her at her home. It was stated that three affiliation orders were out against this rogue. He will, fortunately, be deported when he has served his sentence.

A somewhat similar case was that in which a coloured man named Charles Bunyan Clarke, said to be a Jamaican, was charged with obtaining money under false pretences. He posed as a doctor and stripped a young girl of seven. He preyed on women's affections—and their pockets, too. He had deceived a number of poor persons and prescribed for them. He got a well-deserved three years' imprisonment.

Another charlatan named Robert William Dodds passed himself off as a practitioner at Newcastle-on-Tyne, fooling the canny Northerners and performed an operation on a child. He proved to be another adventurer whose real vocation was a gardener.

Under false names

Another happy hunting-ground for bogus doctors is the passenger liner. Often shipping companies are imposed upon by men with false credentials, and there the opportunities to exploit passengers — especially women — are numerous.

One bogus medical man acted as ship's doctor for years before he was discovered. He had adopted the name and degrees of a practitioner in a distant part of the Empire.

These instances we have quoted are a few among many on our files. Bogus doctors are found up and down the country masquerading as fully-qualified medical men. They are invariably plausible and pleasant-speaking until they get their victims into their clutches.

Mostly their object is to extract money from confiding patients by false pretences. Though many have been laid by the heels there are many others who evade arrest by crafty tricks. One of these is to practise under the names of registered practitioners in other parts of the Empire or abroad.

They tack false diplomas on their names which are difficult to trace. They seize the opportunity to become a *locum tenens* because the demands for a doctor, to take the place of another incapacitated through ill-health or for some reason compelled to seek a change, are not easy to fill.

G.M.C. should act

It is surprising how these bogus doctors can avoid showing their credentials. It would seem imperative that anyone setting up in a practice should at once be required by the General Medical Council to produce their credentials and diplomas. And that they would be checked.

But in the majority of cases these frauds only come to light when the police arrest the man for some other offence, such as blackmail, bigamy, or demanding money by menaces.

The medical profession is so greatly trusted and so well disciplined that it is monstrous to realise that rascals of the lowest type can for long masquerade under false disguises and wreak illimitable harm to suffering persons.

This is a serious state of affairs, and steps should be taken to put an end to the present impotence on the part of the General Medical Council to deal with these cases. The spurious doctor's machinations should be nipped in the bud.

The General Medical Council, who discipline their own members when they transgress, should act without further delay. The way to do it is to press Parliament for an amendment to the Act of 1858, and insist that every medical practitioner using the name "Doctor" must notify the local authorities of his qualifications.

The Human Machine

ALL FOR YOU!

WHATEVER presents you had at Christmas, the New Year has a present for you more valuable than them all. It is handing you lots of brand-new Time—absolutely unused and with no strings attached to it. It's all yours. You can do just what you like with it.

Let's look at this present a little more closely. In 1938 you have 12 months, 52 weeks, 365 days to use as you will. Or, if you like the sound of it better, you have 8,760 hours, 525,600 minutes or no fewer than 31,526,000 seconds to do as you like with. It's a lot of Time whichever way you look at it. In fact, the thought that you really have 31½ million seconds during the next twelve months with which you must do something or other ought to make you sit up and take notice!

Now don't waste any of these seconds regretting what you did last year. Regret is a silly, pessimistic way of using time. Last year has gone and you can't do anything about it, so why worry? Take a look ahead and decide right now something you're going to do. Make some plans. Do some thinking.

Don't make resolutions. Make decisions. You've got to do bigger and better things. You've got to acquire more will-power, more ability to concentrate, more power to think and reason, or else your "writing" is going to be just as messy on the new pages as it was on the old.

It's for you to decide whether you'll do it or not.

So go to it—and a Happy New Year!

CREDIT

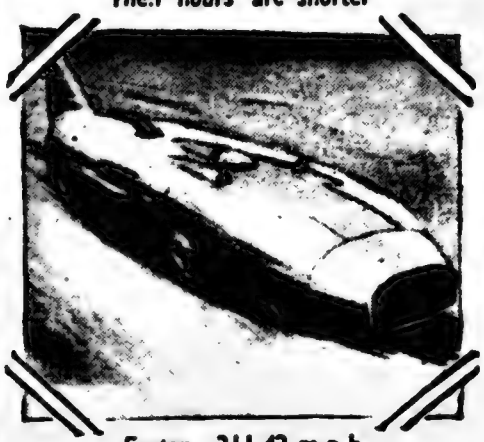
Britain's Balance

Good-bye to 1937! The year totters out carrying its weight of events. There have been many achievements which we can look back on with certain satisfaction. Flying, medicine, science. These and other fields have been invaded by progress

Motherhood is safer

Clouston's Cape records

Their hours are shorter



Eyston—311.42 m.p.h.

Halifax : peace move

HERE'S to 1938! May it fulfil all our hopes and bring even greater prosperity than the year it ousts from the calendar!

But while looking forward, let us give a farewell thought to 1937. Let us take stock of its blessings and curses, enter them up in history's ledger as assets or liabilities, and see what sort of balance-sheet it presents to life's shareholders.

Begin with a few of the year's events which have won our admiration.

One fiery July day, ranchers on a South Californian pasture stood agape as three men staggered from a giant, red monoplane holding boards on which were scrawled the words "Sleep" and "Food."

Sweltering in their double thicknesses of padded clothes, these men were the Moscow aviators who had crossed the blizzard-swept wastes of the North Pole, hurtled down North America to the Mexican border, then turned back, because of fog, to land on the edge of the Mojave desert—6,750 miles without a stop!

There was Jean Batten's flight from Australia to England in five days eighteen hours, and the Croydon-Cape, Cape-Croydon records of Flying-Officer Clouston and Mrs. Kirby-Green.

Next, the Atlantic crossing in ten and a half hours by the flying-boat *Cambria;* the astonishing feat of Flight-Lieutenant M. J. Adam in smashing the height record by climbing 53,937 feet.

All these stages in the progress of man's mastery over the air can be entered as assets in our ledger. Against them must be set the toll which the air has levied on man.

One hundred and fifty odd R.A.F. men were killed. Imperial Airways had a crop of disasters—*Cygnus*, the eighteen-ton seaplane which dived into Brindisi harbour on December 6; *Capricornus*, wrecked in a snow-clad pine forest in France on its maiden trip; *Jupiter*, wrecked in Germany while on loan to Imperial Airways.

Yet these were trifles compared with the aerial horrors deliberately engineered by man.

Think how wave after wave of German bombers roared down upon Guernica, the undefended holy city of the Basques, to release 4,000 bombs and a hundred torpedoes.

Soon the little white houses were ablaze, the narrow streets littered with dead and dying, the whole city smudged out from the map.

More than a thousand women and children were blown to pieces, roasted alive, drilled with machine-gun bullets on that soft April day.

Think, too, how the ambulances which zigzagged through the crater-pitted streets of Shanghai carried away shrieking women from the Palace Hotel—women who had been maimed by Japanese bombs.

Another thousand people died in that August infamy, three thousand during a single raid on Canton when not a military objective was hit.

Again, though Captain George Eyston pushed up the car speed record by driving his monster *Thunderbolt* with one hand at an average of 311.42 m.p.h., though a thousand more cars have appeared on our roads every week, the tragedy of mounting road deaths offsets these achievements.

Every day twenty people have been killed and six hundred injured.

To the credit of our railways is the Coronation Scot's 114 miles an hour, the regular runs to Edinburgh in six hours and Glasgow in six and a half.

On the debit side, the same old slow suburban trains with passengers jammed twenty to a compartment.

The derailment of the York-Lowestoft express in February, four killed, twenty injured. Electric trains in collision at Battersea in April, ten killed, twenty injured.

Smash at Swanley in June, four killed, eleven injured. The disaster at Castlecary, thirty-five killed, ninety-two injured.

Now turn to something we all talk about—our health.

It has been a bright year for medical discoveries. At Queen Charlotte's Hospital, London, the death-rate of puerperal fever, that terror of mothers in childbirth, has been reduced 75 per cent. by a new drug called prontosil.

Discoverer of prontosil, Professor Horlein, of Germany, can be congratulated on another drug—diseptol—which is showing excellent results in the treatment of septicæmia, gas gangrene, sleepy sickness and other grave complaints.

Sleepy sickness must not be confused with sleeping sickness, the terrible African scourge.

After a century of vain efforts, the sleeping sickness can also now be removed from the list of Unsolved Diseases, thanks to Tanganyika's Dr. J. F. Corson, who infected himself, took treatments with the drug germanin, and made a successful recovery.

What else has 1937 produced? X-ray developments, "Iron Lung" cures. Only 290 odd deaths per million from measles, though twenty years ago the rate was 1,000 per million.

Yes, but look at the other side of the account "The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings."

Cancer. When the final figures are issued, they are expected to be even higher than the record 66,354 deaths in 1936. Year by year they mount. Ten years ago they were 54,078.

Despite the unceasing search for new treatments, only one has been evolved in the last twelve months—ultra-short wireless waves. But also came the £2,000,000 gift from Starling Childs, New York banker, for cancer research at Yale University.

Lord Nuffield, as munificent as ever, has given £1,300,000 for a new college and medical research at Oxford, besides donations to hospitals and charities which bring this year's total to well over two and a half million pounds.

Tuberculosis, too, has remained one of the Captains of Death, though we have long known how to slay him. Nor can we ignore the menace of what the Minister of Health describes as Public Enemy Number One—the common cold.

We suffered eighty million colds this year. Nearly two to every man, woman and child.

Even if we take no notice of bronchitis and pneumonia (those heavy killers) for which they were responsible, we must admit in our balance-sheet that they cost us £30,000,000 in loss of work and disability bills.

We might mention outbreaks of typhoid, another disease which should be unknown in a civilised land. But never mind details.

Put down the gigantic total of £283,000,000 as the cost of the year's illness to Britain, allocating £100,000,000 for loss of work, £183,000,000 for treatment and maintenance of the sick.

Taking the doctor's rather than the accountant's

nce-Sheet (for the year ending December 31, 1937)

There is a debit side in the balance-sheet also. The Moloch of the roads, the huge bill for sickness; land, sea, and air disasters, have taken their toll. On the other hand, trade and employment remain healthy. May 1938 be a bumper year for all

view, granting the rich promise of the new discoveries, perhaps medicine's assets and liabilities can be made to balance without cooking the books.

Science, too, can boast of continued contributions to knowledge.

You may have forgotten Dr. Carl Anderson's discovery of a new atomic particle, midway in weight between the proton and electron, which excited physicists everywhere.

Or the news, last September, that Professor Harold Urey had produced "heavy nitrogen." Does that sound dull?

Well, for one thing, it will allow every stage of our digestive processes to be observed, and thus provide an invaluable boon to surgeons.

But throughout the year others have worked steadily, calmly, implacably, to perfect scientific means of destruction.

So that "after generations of progress, here we are making provisions for setting the clock back thousands of years," as the Home Secretary said a few weeks ago about the Air Raids Precautions Bill.

The slum clearance clock is also running slow.

This New Year's Eve should have wound up our five-year plan, if something had not gone wrong with the works.

More than a quarter of a million houses have still to be built to take the place of disease dens; more than a million people are waiting to exchange squalor for comfort.

In contrast to this, *Electrical Trading* reports that 600,000 houses have been wired for electricity during 1937. Now 7,219,960 British homes are on the mains, 4,850,000 still without supply.

A national asset secured by one man was Mr. A. P. Herbert's divorce reform. Courageous effort to end a great deal of matrimonial misery, it compensates for many of the gloomier items in the annual accounts.

Honourable mention is deserved by the new Factory Act, which should give a better deal to millions by limiting the exploitation of women and youngsters who toil long hours. It may also reduce the appalling sacrifice of life and limb.

Nearly three workers have been slaughtered every working day of 1937; the number of injuries has probably eclipsed the previous year's total of 176,390.

"A rising toll of death and injury must still be regarded as the penalty to be paid for increased prosperity," says the Chief Inspector of Factories.

Fortunately, there is no doubt of that prosperity.

Trade has gone up. Unemployment has gone down, not only here, but in every country. In Britain eleven and a half million insured persons were working on November 15—350,000 more than a year before.

A million and a half are still without jobs, and the number has risen sharply since September.

Yet there's no reason why we should be overwhelmed by a slump if our rulers are forearmed with plans for great public works.

So, without glossing over the black plight of the workless, we can declare that it has been a rosy year for trade and employment.

Domestic matters, however, must give way to wider considerations. International affairs have figured in the headlines every day of the year, and claim an equally important place in this balance-sheet. The skirmish between Chinese and Japanese troops in July soon developed into a large-scale war and aroused fears that it would boil over into the Western world. But a world-wide catastrophe no longer threatens.

In war-locked Spain, similarly, consolation is not wanting. Franco has grabbed the Asturias with bomb and the sword, but has failed to crush democracy.

On the contrary, Madrid seems invincible. Government forces have changed from undisciplined bands into a united, well-trained army.

The League of Nations, because of the statesmen's betrayal, has become "stricken with palsy—its right side paralysed, its right arm withered, its voice feeble, indistinct, gibbering," as Lloyd George gibed the other day.

No bright side to that liability. But a smaller asset, brought by the Nyon Anti-Piracy Agreement, has scared submarines from the Mediterranean.

Britain's own little war on the North-West Frontier has just ended by the tribesmen's submission.

Cost was £1,250,000, casualties to us of 220 killed and 600 wounded, to the tribesmen of 800 killed and 700 wounded. No fewer than 37,000 British and Indian troops were involved.

Match it with an asset that may lead to a new era of contentment for the rest of India—the bringing into operation of the new constitution.

Already it has resulted in the Congress Party forming Cabinets in seven provinces.

In Russia the merciless "purge" has grown into a reign of fear. Guns have become more important than butter. Housing schemes have been abandoned—in Moscow people still live twelve and fourteen to a room.

Russia, seeing herself surrounded by strong enemies, is determined to be even stronger, whatever the cost.

Once again Germany's mailed fist has been flourished. Recall, for example, the *Deutschland* incident in May.

The battleship was bombed by Spanish Loyalist planes, and its commander-in-chief admitted that orders were given to fire on them before they attacked. No matter. German honour had to be avenged by the bombardment of Almeria.

Three hundred shells of all calibres fell in the city, killing nineteen people and injuring fifty-five.

And the new text-book for Hitler Youth declares, "Death on the battlefield should be regarded as a longed-for conclusion of life."

Mussolini agrees. But he, like Hitler, has to confess a heavy decline in the birth-rate. Italian babies born in 1937 have not numbered much more than a third of those born in 1930.

Mothers, even in dictatorship countries, are not eager to bear cannon-fodder.

Yet all over the world men are standing at arms —1,300,000 in Russia, 1,300,000 in Germany also, 665,000 in France.

But let us repeat that 1937 has at least prevented bloodshed from staining the whole civilised world. Though there have been political failures and blunders, the international talks started by Lord Halifax's visit to Berlin hold hopes of a less uneasy peace in the future.

Clearly, our balance-sheet might have been worse, much worse.

But it leaves plenty for the shareholders to tackle in 1938.

DEBIT

80,000,000 *colds*

Air raiders' havoc

More works accident

Bigger road toll

Europe stands to arms

THEME SONG

"He played as he'd never played before"

GEORGE SLADE was one of those quiet boys who keep their own counsel, go their own way, and put up with the vengeance of their fellows with a quiet philosophy—born of the secret knowledge that one day they are going to let the world hear about them.

George's father worked as a kitchen clerk in the Restaurant Magnifique, and the Slades were pretty comfortable.

To his father George was a disappointment.

Mr. Slade was naturally quick at figures—had to be to hold his job—and he considered George a mere dreamer.

Playing the piano was the only thing George could do well. Since the days when he grew big enough to sit on the piano stool, he could play by ear, and to the disgust of Mr. Slade, who considered it a waste of money, his mother insisted that George should have music lessons.

The only time he ever came into his own was at the annual school concert, at which he provided a star turn. Syncopation ran in his blood, and after the regulation classical piece he always played swing music as an encore.

Apart from music, George found life something of a trial. His elder brother, taking the tip from his father, socked him for what the elder brother considered his good, and the other boys at school socked him for the all-sufficient reason that he was not cut on the same pattern as the rest.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Slade always flattered herself that, though his father found George a mystery, she understood him completely. She believed him to be a genius who one day would make Paderewski look like a back number.

Actually she did not understand him at all. She fussed over him, and George hated being fussed over, like any healthy boy.

He felt grateful to her for the music lessons, and there it ended. The only person who really understood him was Suzy.

Suzy lived in the same street as the Slades with her widowed mother, who drew a small pension from the railway company—her husband had been killed in its service—and let one bedroom to a young business lady.

Suzy and George had been child-sweethearts ever since they could remember, a fact which aroused the contempt of George's school friends. They called him a sissy, and one day a little gang of them followed George and Suzy jeering and throwing stones. That was the only time George really fought back.

Naturally he hadn't a chance, but when he lay on the ground with a black eye and a bleeding nose Suzy stood over him and gave the astonished gang its first experience of a woman's tongue when she is really roused.

After that the gang let them alone. They found to their astonishment that George could fight, and they were afraid of Suzy.

She grew into a pretty, dark-haired, grey-eyed girl, and she and George discussed at vast length the question of what they were to do in the world.

"Dad wants me to go into the kitchen of the Restaurant Magnifique," George told her gloomily. "He says the head chef will look after me, and that there's a fortune to be made as a chef.

"Can you imagine my spending all my life among pots and pans? If only I could land that scholarship at the School of Music——"

"Don't worry, George. You'll land it. I know just what I'm going to do. I've talked it all over with Miss Sheen, who lodges with us.

"I'm going to learn shorthand and typing and be secretary to an M.P., or the chairman of a big company.

"Miss Sheen said I was pretty and that that always helps. Am I pretty, George?"

"Of course you are." George told her contemptuously, and Suzy answered meekly: "I just asked, because you've never told me I was."

They were walking beside the river in the Spring twilight and suddenly George, who was fifteen, took Suzy, who was fourteen, into his arms and kissed her, a thing he had never done before. She blushed, but did not draw away.

"You'll always be my sweetheart, won't you, Suzy?" he asked her. And Suzy had replied: "Always, as long as you want me to."

George won his scholarship, and at the School of Music his professor thought the world of him, except for his passion for syncopation.

When the scholarship ended George began the weary round of looking for work. At last he found a job playing the piano in the orchestra of a small café. It brought in bread and butter, but gave him no scope.

Suzy sympathised, but she was hard at work training to be a secretary. She had realised that the world was a tough place and hinted that George must be tough, too, if he meant to win out.

George agreed, and sighed because, to the young, success seems to come so slowly.

★ ★ ★

It was about this time that George wrote the theme song of his love for Suzy, both words and music. He put into it all the adolescent yearnings which tortured him, and seemed so inexplicable.

This theme song had a haunting rhythm which fascinated Suzy, even though he played it to her over and over again until she felt sick to death of it. The lyric began:

"Go, lovely day,
Sink down into the West,
With all my play
And hours that I loved best;
For I have loved, and laughed,
And kissed and known delight,
And so good-night, lovely day,
Good-night!"

Mrs. Slade, seeing George pale and dejected, tackled her husband, and told him that somehow he must get Don Donald, the band leader at the Restaurant Magnifique, to give George an audition.

Mr. Slade said he couldn't, and then managed it somehow through the chef.

Don Donald, pale with late nights, all-morning rehearsals and afternoon recordings, lit one cigarette off another and said at last:

"You've got it in you, my lad, but you're not in my class at the moment. I'll give you a letter to a friend of mine who wants a pianist. He's not exactly a big-shot as yet, but he's a white man, and he'll treat you right."

For a whole year George played the piano in Ivan Baum's dance band, and saw no prospect of getting further. Then Don Donald's pianist, tired of sitting up all night and rehearsing all day, decided to go into the publishing side of the music business.

Don Donald remembered George, sent for him, and engaged him as pianist in the Restaurant Magnifique dance band.

★ ★ ★

It was at this point that Suzy noticed a change in George. She felt that the glamour of playing in a leading band which broadcast regularly had gone to his head a little.

But she was working hard herself as assistant secretary to the chairman of the All-Imperial Oil Company, and only saw him occasionally on Sunday, his one free day.

She still loved him, and made it clear to the other men who took her out that they meant nothing serious in her life. She knew George received an immense fan-mail nowadays, but the thought did not worry her. Either he would stick to her or he would not.

When George's contract with Don Donald expired, the management of the newly-built "Cosmopolis Hotel" asked him to form his own band to play in

"John Bull" will tell the world

Only a few days more and "John Bull" will tell the world about its Gigantic New Year Gift to every one of its readers.

Think of it! A Gift—New and Unique—specially created for the occasion—worth every penny of £4 4s., yet *free* and *post free* to all! There 's nothing to pay—nothing to do! It sounds incredible—doesn't it? See the announcement on these pages in next week's "John Bull."

Short Story of a "Rhythm King" who loved and lost and won again

by F. E. BAILY

eir restaurant. Don Donald wished m luck.

"This is a young man's game, George. he toughest of us can only stand about enty years of it. You'd better make e running while the going's good."

So, at twenty-two, George became ader of one of London's five best dance nds, at a vast salary, with broadcast- and recording fees added to it.

He was now a social figure in London, eeting all the best-known men and omen in society, and all society's pret- st girls.

George's newly-found wealth went arly as fast as it came. He had given mother a fur coat, his father a car, zy a platinum and diamond wrist- tch, and drove a world-famous make sports car.

His clothes came from a famous tailor, d the Sunday night parties at his est End flat made history in his own rld. Then, at a private engagement his band, he met the Lady Fay Ford- bridge.

It was her coming-of-age party at the wn house of her father, the Earl of ssex. Fay had a passion for swing usic, like all her generation. It seemed express so perfectly reckless youth ved in a world tottering on the brink the next war.

George, young and good-looking, em- odied the very incarnation of these odern rhythms. She had never heard ncopated piano-playing to equal his, nd she was amused to notice what an fect she had made on him.

Fay, a modern of the moderns, ruled r parents with a rod of iron. To the smay of her mother she insisted on cluding George among the guests for week-end party at their country house, en though he could only arrive after idnight on Saturday.

Without Fay, George would have felt e a fish out of water at the house- rty. He shared nothing in common th the other guests, for he had never und time to play golf or tennis, and ding and shooting did not enter into s world.

Fay, with the imperiousness of a oiled beauty, let it be seen that anyone no raised their eyebrows at George uld offend not only George, but her, nd the hint proved sufficient.

After dinner on Sunday he played for r as he had never played before. alking with him alone on the terrace the warmth of a June night she let be known, in that silent fashion which a girl's secret, that if he kissed her e would not be offended.

★ ★ ★

She wanted to discover if all the tality and stimulation of his playing uld be translated into kisses. When last she had been kissed she did not el disappointed.

London society then began to enjoy e spectacle of George's passion for Fay. e gossip-writers hinted at it, the illus- ated weeklies published photographs of eorge talking to Fay at the table in e Cosmopolis Restaurant, which she cupied almost every night.

Suzy, reading the paragraphs and see- g the pictures, bit her lip and carried . She never saw George now, and t she scarcely blamed him.

"He's young, and he's made money, nd he's having his fling," she told her- lf. "Who can blame him? What oung man wouldn't do the same in his hoes? I can do nothing. It's on the nees of the gods."

The Countess of Wessex took upon erself, a trifle nervously, to remon- trate with her daughter.

"Do you realise, Fay," she said, that you are getting yourself talked bout in associating with a dance musician—a mere player of the piano?"

Fay shrugged her beautiful shoulders and smiled.

"It's all life, darling. One must have a little fun in this crazy world, and he's much more amusing than some young man in the Guards."

The climax came on a Sunday night in July, when Fay consented to be given a farewell party at a roadhouse. She was leaving London till the autumn, and George did not know how he could exist without her.

★ ★ ★

He drove her out of town and they swam, dined, and talked of everything in the world. On the way back to London he stopped the car, took her in his arms, and begged her to marry him.

Fay always handled these situations very well, so that the rejected suitor should feel no sting of misery, but only a gentle regret.

"My dear, it's been sweet, but it's over. I can't marry you. I've loved having you love me more than I can say. I shall always remember——"

"How dare you let me love you when you were simply playing the fool with me? Haven't you Society girls any conscience at all?"

The lash in his voice bit deep and Fay went white with anger.

"Would you," she asked contemptuously, "expect the daughter of the Earl of Wessex to marry a dance-band leader? You're lucky I let you kiss me. You'll always have that to remember."

George drove her home in silence. After the parting he went to pieces. As he conducted his band he looked like a ghost, or some skeleton at the feast provided by the "Cosmopolis Hotel" for its guests. The management took note, saw his contract expired at the end of July, and refused to renew it. They said they wanted new blood, and pointed out that two of his best musicians had left him during the past few weeks.

George sold his car, let his flat, and went home. Very little remained of the small fortune he had amassed, and no one wanted a band-leader whom the Cosmopolis refused to re-engage.

It meant starting again and rebuilding his career, and he could not find the heart.

Fay had dealt him a blow under which he still reeled. He never wished to speak to a woman again.

Mrs. Slade, with a mother's eye, saw that George was on the brink of a nervous breakdown, and knew what she must do.

Mother-like, she had always felt jealous of Suzy, but putting her pride in her pocket, she asked her to Sunday supper.

"I don't know," she confessed, "how you feel about George these days, Suzy. I don't think he's treated you very well. But I think he's had a lesson, and speaking as a married woman, a man's always the better for a lesson."

Suzy came to supper, very pretty and charming in her summer frock. George, seeing her, felt suddenly very peaceful and at rest.

He had forgotten the glamour of Fay, and smart restaurants.

He was at home, where he belonged, sitting opposite Suzy who used to belong to him, who probably would not look at him now. Still, he could but try.

After supper he took her for their old walk along the river. When they were alone, and leaning over the embankment wall, he took her hand and said:

"Suzy, do you still care for me even if I don't deserve it? I was mad I suppose, but a girl put it over me. Then she dropped me like a hot coal.

"I was beastly to you while the crazy fit was on me. I think I love you more than ever now, but I don't expect you've any time for me."

Suzy, who really loved him, held up her mouth and gave herself into his arms.

"If I'd made all the money you did I might have done the same myself. I still love you if you love me."

"More than ever, but I'm practically broke, you know, and it will be years before we can get married."

Suzy smiled. "You're not broke, and it won't be years," she said softly. "Remember that song you wrote for me—the one you called our theme song and played over and over again to me until I was nearly sick of it?"

George nodded. "Yes, but that was years ago, and goodness knows what's become of it. In any case, who would want to buy it? Why, it was just boy and girl stuff, not a bit sophisticated like the kind of songs the public like now."

"You're wrong, George," cried Suzy. "Our theme song was never lost. I've always treasured it. Yesterday I got it out and took it to a music publisher

"And, George, he's bought it! He's bought it! He says the public doesn't want sophistication any more. They want songs that mean something . . . something like what our theme song meant to us when you wrote it.

"It's going to be a winner, George, it's going to be a winner!"

And it was.

Next week's "John Bull" special story is from the pen of a gifted woman writer—Christine Jope-Slade.

She tells, with great charm and understanding, of a miserly old man and what his girl secretary did to redeem his character.

Widowed mother of three, Christine Jope-Slade has a large following of readers who like good craftsmanship as well as a plot and sound characterisation.

Our Record Security Gift for 1938

IN one more day great multitudes will be thronging the streets, their eyes on watch or clock as midnight draws near.

Families in their homes will do the same. A minute to go! Silence . . . and then to a gay pealing of bells, shrieking of whistles and sirens, and a mighty chorus of "Auld Lang Syne," the New Year is ushered in.

However we may observe the dawn of another year, deep down in our hearts is the desire for happiness, peace and security in the days to come.

These thoughts will find a special echo in the minds of JOHN BULL'S over a million and a half families.

And among them there will be many who will feel even deeper appreciation.

They are readers who in a dark hour have known what a boon and a blessing JOHN BULL'S Insurance Gift really is. *"I don't know what we should have done without your Great Gift of Security,"* thousands have said.

On the threshold of another year it is but natural that our readers will again look to JOHN BULL to give them the protection which they look upon as an essential part of their lives. They will not look in vain.

Pages 4 and 5 of this issue of JOHN BULL proudly announce the complete list of Benefits incorporated in its Great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1938.

Benefits unrivalled in scope—exclusive features found in no other free insurance scheme in the world—special protection for the home—a blessing in time of sickness—it takes but a glance at the Benefits to realise that the scope of the scheme is unique.

This great Gift of Security stands without parallel in practical value. Since the scheme was launched, the colossal sum of over £600,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants—a world record in Weekly Newspaper Free Insurance.

* * *

Let us take a glance backward and see how the silver lining in the dark cloud has been revealed when misfortune came.

A choking cloud of smoke surging through an open window. The thatched roof of a cottage burning like a bonfire of tar-barrels! Before the conflagration died down, the little cottage was a smoking ruin.

A home in Yorkshire during flood-time. The family fighting in vain to keep the water from flooding their living-room and sitting-room to a depth of several feet; the monetary loss a cruel one.

A Midlands home. A housewife complaining to her husband that "her throat felt so funny." "And so does mine," came the reply. Result: Both down with DIPHTHERIA. An expensive as well as a trying time indeed.

The three stories we have told—they could be multiplied a thousandfold—all ended happily for our readers. JOHN BULL *is the only paper in the world to safeguard household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, the only paper to pay Sickness Benefits.*

Other benefits include generous provision for Home Accidents, Children's Accidents, Accidents on the Sports Field, Boating and Bathing Fatalities, Loss by Burglary and damage to Wireless by Lightning, etc.

The great esteem in which our Free Insurance Gift is held by our readers is reflected in the thousands of letters that come pouring in. We give extracts from just three that are typical of thousands more:

"Thank you for the way you have treated me. I appreciate your honest, straightforward and business-like methods."—A. L., Tunstall, Staffordshire.

"I was telling a man of repute about the very helpful cheque received, and he was much impressed with the straightforward way the scheme is conducted. He said, 'JOHN BULL must be second to none.'"—T. I. M., Birkenhead.

"My most grateful thanks for the cheque. Thank you also for the way in which you have settled the matter without fuss or bother."—W. E. M., Eastbourne.

* * *

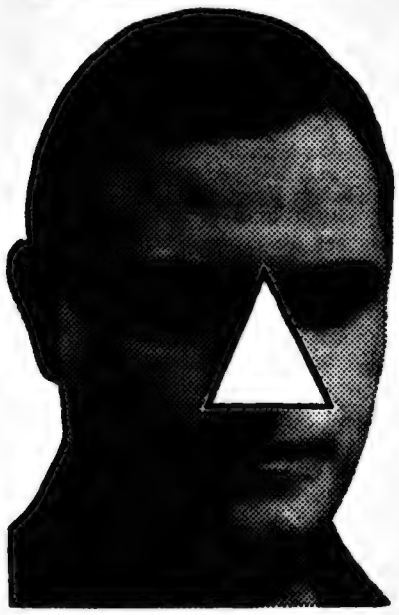
Similar protection to that which JOHN BULL offers to you *free* would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least two guineas in annual insurance premiums.

Readers who are already registered automatically qualify for all the Benefits incorporated in our 1938 Free Family Insurance Gift.

Remember! One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen) and all accident and sickness benefits are paid *in addition* to any amounts a registered reader may receive elsewhere.

In our daily round we all have to face risks and dangers, and fate does not discriminate. That is why completion of the Forms on page 5 for our Insurance Gift is of vital importance to you—in fact, a duty to yourself and those you love. So turn to pages 4 and 5 and ACT NOW.

WHO WANTS MY NOSE?



I can't smell . . . can't taste can't enjoy my food or 'smokes' half choked . . . can't breathe

Are you, too, a slave to insidious Catarrh? Is it spoiling your enjoyment of life? Are its offensive, choking poisons ruining your health and paralysing your mental faculties? Do you wake in the morning with your nose and throat blocked with germ-laden mucus?

CATARRH

CAUSES CONSTANTLY RECURRING COLDS — POISONS THE BLOOD STREAM — CREATES DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES

You can smash Catarrh in a few days. You can wake up To-morrow feeling 100% better than to-day

Determine to-day to rid yourself of this distressing handicap to your future well-being. Go to your nearest chemist and get a 6d. tin or 1/3 jar of 'Mentholatum' brand Balm at once. This is a wonderful penetrative breathable balm containing unique volatile essences made to the formula of a famous physician. Apply 'Mentholatum' to the nostrils, rub on throat and chest. Relief comes instantly. 'Mentholatum' stops the gathering of mucus, clears breathing passages and keeps them free, while its curative, antiseptic vapours reach every part of the respiratory tract, driving Catarrh and Colds from the system. 'Mentholatum' is sold under a binding guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MENTHOLATUM
6D BRAND BALM 1/3
ALL CHEMISTS
Stops the Attack—or Money Back

Human Documents by Philip Inman

PARENTS—

Pay that Debt of Duty

It is the duty of all parents to try to make the home a place to which their children can bring their friends

IN a recent article I reminded my young readers of the old commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother." This week I want to tell the other side of that story, and to remind parents of the duty they owe their children. Many of the younger generation write to tell me of their grievances.

"MOTHER IS NOT A HOMEMAKER," complains one girl. She goes on to say:

I am very discontented with my home life and have contemplated leaving. My parents are honest, good-living folk, but my mother is by no means a homemaker. She detests housework, and never does more than she can possibly help. She even prefers to leave the table laid from one meal to the next one, in order to save trouble.

My sister and I have often tried to alter this by removing the things ourselves, but mother is very obstinate and refuses to see our point of view.

Father has not a good job, and mother depends very much on the money my sister and I earn, and yet we have no say in anything. The house is a disgrace, and we can't do anything about it.

I am twenty-four, reasonably attractive and intelligent, but I cannot see any prospect of ever getting married, for I am too ashamed to ask any friends home.

And the thought of becoming old and unwanted in these miserable surroundings frightens me. My sister is older than I and in the same predicament. Shall I leave home, knowing my wages are needed, or must I accept this as the cross I have to bear? Please, Mr. Inman, help me to think straight.

This girl has good grounds for her complaint. She and her sister are the mainstays of that home, and it should be made comfortable and attractive for them.

How can that be attained? I suggest that the two sisters should present a united front and together talk to their mother. They can assure her of the affection they have for her and their desire to please her. And they can point out that such a relationship must be mutual and not one-sided.

"We want ours to be a real home," they should say, "a place where we can bring our friends occasionally, a place where we can find happiness." If the mother refuses to see their point of view, they would be justified in telling her of their intention to leave.

A warning of that character should be sufficient to remedy matters. Naturally, she will not wish her daughters to leave home. Quite apart from everything else, she can't afford to allow them to do so.

★ ★ ★

"MY PARENTS ARE TOO STRICT," writes another girl. She says:

I am eighteen years old, and since I left school I have lived at home with my parents. They are very good to me, but are so strict. I am never allowed out more than once a week, and then, accompanied by them both, I go to church on Sunday evening.

That is the last outing I get until the next Sunday. I do not crave for pleasure, but I would like to have just a little more freedom. I had a lot of friends when I was at school, but now they all seem to have dropped away because I cannot join them in their outings.

I have given my parents no trouble, and therefore I see no reason why they should treat me in this way. Do you think I am asking too much at my age to want to go out on my own, or with friends sometimes?

These parents, no doubt, believe they are acting wisely and kindly. Out of the love they have for their daughter, they want to safeguard her from harm and danger. But that policy, carried too far, is a very foolish one.

A child kept in a glass case becomes either a namby-pamby or else a rebel. In this case it is making the girl discontented and unhappy. She is certainly entitled to more freedom and greater diversion.

She should be allowed, within reason, to have her own friends. And her parents should readily agree. It may just be thoughtlessness on their part which would be rectified if someone could point it out to them. The one to do it is the vicar of the church they attend.

I advise my correspondent to talk it over with him. He could arrange for her to be invited to church socials and the like. And when once the ice has been broken at home, it should lead to her having greater liberty.

★ ★ ★

"MY MOTHER HATES THE SIGHT OF MY YOUNG LADY," laments a young man. His letter reads:

My girl and I have been courting for eighteen months and we are very much in love. There is also a close affection between my mother and me. There lies the snag. My mother hates the sight of my young lady, and she does not hesitate to let me know of her dislike of her.

She criticises her every action, and if there is any fault she is sure to find it. Where lies my duty? Should I stick to my mother for all she has done for me in the past, or my fiancee for the prospect of a happy married life?

That mother should give the reason for her objections. Possibly someone has been mischief-making, or maybe the girl has unintentionally upset her. Well, let her say so, and probably the matter can be put right. But if no grounds exist for dislike, then it may be jealousy.

She does not like to feel that someone else is sharing her son's affection. In that case, I hope she will be sensible and accept the position, as many other mothers have had to do. Let her remember that "you can find what you look for in this world."

It would be kinder for her to "look for" the good points in that girl than to magnify any bad ones. And if she did that she would probably elicit such affection and consideration that, like her son, she, too, would learn to love the girl. And they could all be happy together.

If, alas, that antagonism should continue, my correspondent must take a firm stand. Let him remind his mother that when she married she, no doubt, made her own choice, and that he intends to do the same.

★ ★ ★

"I CAN'T SAVE UP FOR MARRIAGE AND GO ON HELPING MY MOTHER," is the complaint of a young man of twenty-four. He tells me that when his father died, nine years ago, his mother was left with three children—himself, a girl ten years younger, and a baby—and only eighteen shillings a week to live on.

His wages, small though they were, helped to keep things going, and since he left home two years ago, to better himself, he has continued to send his mother ten shillings a week. He goes on:

As I pay twenty-five shillings for my lodgings, I have very little left for myself, and I neither smoke nor drink. Some time ago I met a nice girl, and we would like to become engaged, but I see no prospect of our being able to marry. What can I do?

This young man has certainly done his duty. And I am sure he will never regret helping his mother. As time goes on, the position will become easier. Those younger children should help to carry the burden.

In the meanwhile, let him discuss the matter with his mother. She may be agreeable to his sending her even two or three shillings a week less. And the psychological effect of that would be considerable. He would feel that at least he was making some provision for his future life.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

TURKEY'SH DELIGHT!

Cold turkey's twice as delightful with Pan Yan. There's nothing like Pan Yan to add the finishing touch to Christmas good cheer. And it provides a little mild "*digestive stimulation*," too, helping to keep you happy even when Christmas is over. Everyone knows that "good temper starts in the stomach." So don't forget your Pan Yan.

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

It should be cut in the crackling

The Reasons why

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MEAT *needs* MUSTARD

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31

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SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

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YOU'LL be surprised how soon an Ever Ready Gaslighter pays for itself. One battery is good for 7,000 lights—see below how it saves you from burning money.

It's far more convenient than matches—all you do is to press the switch, and lo! your gas is lit. No fiddling, waste, mess or danger.

The Ever Ready Gaslighter has a convenient hanger to ensure its being always at hand when wanted, and it's worth remembering that the menfolk can't run off with it to light their pipes!

"So how you SAVE
Lighter, with battery .. 5s. 0d.
Refill battery 1s. 0d.
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Equivalent to 14,000 matches .. 20s. 0d.
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Adventures of a Rolling Stone

"Get in there," he said, pointing to the car

DEATH CELL IN HAVANA

by Conrad Phillips

AFTER my dramatic escape from the Chinaman's garden in Honolulu, I worked my way back to San Francisco with Bill Dyer, another rolling stone, who had been my partner in the adventure.

We signed off the ship, in which we had both worked as stewards, and made for Howard Street, known in 'Frisco as the "slave market," because it is the centre for employment bureaux.

There we found jobs as checkers with the Weed Lumber Camp. I knew nothing of the work, but Dyer was experienced, and gave me all the tips I needed.

"All you've got to do," he said, "is to measure the stumps of the trees. You see, the hewers get paid so much a square inch. You measure the diameter and figure out the square inches. It's kid's play."

"I hope it turns out that way," I said.

Weed is situated at the northernmost point of California. We got there late in the afternoon on a glorious day.

The ride to the camp was one of the most memorable I've ever had. You join a log train at the railroad depot and begin a long climb round the side of the mountains.

All about you are snow-capped peaks glistening in the sun. Giant pines stand out vividly against the blue sky.

The air up there is as clean and invigorating as anywhere in the world. It acts like a tonic. I never felt so well in my life as when I was there.

The lumber camp is like a small village, consisting of sleeping huts, dining-hall, concert room, post office—everything the lumber-jacks need to make their lonely life tolerable.

In the evenings, the men relax by going to a concert, joining in sing-songs or, if the evenings are light, shooting squirrels in the woods.

But for all that, life for a man with imagination soon becomes irksome. You long for the crowded streets of the city with their bright lights, theatres and beautiful women.

Dyer and I got on well with our jobs and after a few months we had a bank roll of more than £100 each. I had never had so much money.

When we reached the depot we were tempted to ride as passengers, but on second thoughts decided to take a freight train and save the fare.

WE hid our money in our boots. It is unsafe to share box-cars with hoboes, who have a habit of going through your pockets while you sleep

In some cases your cash is not safe even in your boots, for I've known hoboes steal both boots and money.

Dyer decided to visit his folks when we got to 'Frisco again, so we parted, promising to meet in a few months.

I wondered what to do next and I was anxious to turn my money to something worth while

It was only natural, therefore, when I heard two fellows discussing a small fortune they had made at Havana by playing the horses, that my thoughts should turn there.

I worked my way to Havana on a German freight steamer. It is a city of contrasts. On the one hand were beautiful, palm-lined boulevards with exquisite buildings, and, on the other, squalid streets in which every conceivable vice was openly practised.

The racecourse is Havana's chief and most fashionable attraction. It draws rich and poor alike. Apart from its beauty, I found nothing I liked about it. But, since I lost all my money there in two days, perhaps I am biased.

Being broke again was not pleasant—especially in a country where only few people spoke English.

It makes you feel an interloper, that everybody knows your position and despises you.

My first reaction was to think of home!

How I longed to see the old faces again, to peep into our kitchen window and yell, "Oh! Mum!"

BUT rolling around the world teaches you to be a realist. You don't dwell long on sentimental impossibilities. You have to concentrate on what the boys call "getting-by."

Things were so bad that I didn't eat for a couple of days. I was too proud to beg.

But my troubles were soon over. One day I met a tall, blonde American down at the docks. He was leaning against a post on one of the quays. I asked him how to get out of Havana.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Busted?"

"Yeah," I drawled, "flatter than stale beer."

"Where do you come from?"

"'Frisco. I came out here to play the horses."

"And lost?"

"Something like that."

"Well, you don't need to starve. I guess I can get you some food. Come over the street."

"Say," he said later, as I was finishing my meal with a cup of coffee, "I think I could use you.

"I'm doing some business with a guy who lives out of town. There's a lot of urgent correspondence to get to him at times.

"How'd you like to come up to my place and help me out? You can sleep there—there's a spare bed."

I jumped at the offer.

"The guy I do business with is a Spaniard—he's a funny guy. He don't like people who talk, see?" said my newly-made friend. "All you got to do is to hand him a dispatch case I give you."

My benefactor's friend lived in a little cottage in a remote village outside the city.

His name was Kutz.

He turned out to be everything my friend had said. He was a short, irritable little man with a mop of black kinky hair.

When he first saw me he was very peeved. "De crazy fool," he muttered as he took the dispatch case from me and emptied the contents on his desk.

I went to his place every other day for a fortnight. One day when I called I saw a large car waiting outside the cottage. As I went to the gate two men stepped in front of me.

They spoke to me in Spanish first, but when they saw that I didn't understand, broke into English.

"Who do you want?" the taller of the two asked.

"Mr. Kutz," I said.

"You mean the man who lives in here?"

"Yes."

He looked at the dispatch case.

"What have you there."

"It's for Mr. Kutz."

"Give it to me. I'm a police officer. We are looking for your friend, Mr. Kutz, as you call him. Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe we can refresh your memory at the police station. Get in there," he added, pointing to the car.

I got in, feeling like a beaten dog. What a break! Just as I was kidding myself that I was sitting on top of the world again, I found myself landed in another jam.

FROM what the men said as we drove to Havana, I gathered that my friend was involved in a plot to overthrow the Government.

This revelation alarmed me. The country was seething with discontent at this time. I had read in the papers that they were executing scores of men for treason.

The thought of another firing squad terrified me. The papers I carried were obviously incriminating. What chance did I stand?

In Havana I was questioned by two men in uniform who were convinced that I was a member of an organisation that planned to start a revolution.

I did not blame them. My answers to their questions did, I suppose, sound like fiction. The truth is like that. When a wild, adventurous youth like I was said that he had travelled all the way to Havana from California just to play the horses, it was only natural for them to add: "But why come here when you have tracks in California and Mexico? I suppose it is because you like our country, yes?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And we like your life, no," the man growled.

I had not got a leg to stand on. Try as I would to get them to telephone to the Weed Lumber Company, I was unsuccessful.

At one time it was on the cards that I should be shot. They even put me in a cell specially built for fellows like myself.

I was in a panic. The officials themselves were so fearful of revolution that they had neither time nor inclination to consider that I might be innocent.

Their minds were filled with discomforting speculations of an uprising.

They saw themselves being shot if they did not act drastically.

If they shot me and then found I was innocent they would merely sigh profoundly and say: "Well, he can't do us any harm now."

And, as for me, I should get small pleasure in returning as a ghost and saying: "There, I told you so."

THEN I got an idea. I was a British subject, a member of a nation that was jealous of its nationals.

All right. Let me see the British Consul. I demanded it, and finally my request was granted.

I was seen by a representative from the Consulate, and told him the whole story.

I finished up: "I ask you, do I look like a bloke who has political ambitions in this country?"

He laughed and went away, still laughing. Six hours later I was released. Just before I went I saw a batch of Cubans going to their doom.

The frozen horror on their faces always remains fresh in my memory. Watching them, I thought what a cheap business life was.

You never knew when it was your turn. I shuddered at the thought of what might have been my lot. Looking up at the sun, I whispered: "Thank God, I have a reasonable hope of seeing you rise to-morrow."

Greatest of These

Dorothy

WE owe a big debt of gratitude to all subscribers to our Christmas fund, who, out of the kindness of their hearts, filled our Christmas Box, from which many ex-Service men's families were able to set before their kiddies a Christmas dinner.

And we are most grateful to Messrs. Dean and Son for acting as Santa Claus by filling the stockings of a number of boys and girls with their delightful books, and the socks of toddlers with "cuddly" toys. No one knows so well as Messrs. Dean how to win the children's hearts and they have our deepest thanks for the joy they have brought.

Also, we are specially thankful to those of our readers who helped by sending us parcels of good things.

Above all, we thank those subscribers who throughout 1937 have been the fund's faithful friends.

Now we want help for little Miss 1938. One-year-old Dorothy's ex-Service dad faces the New Year with a troubled heart. He is out of work, having lost his last job through ill-health. He is an absolutely decent chap, but everything seems to have gone wrong, through no fault of his own.

* * *

Our readers who send donations earmarked "Dorothy," or for our general fund, addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will be starting a lucky New Year.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Start the New Year with real comfort in the home

—GET THE *Berkeley* SUPERLAX

START the New Year well by investing in the happiness and comfort that the Berkeley Superlax brings. This marvellous Easy Chair does more than add to the appearance and luxury of your home; it brings with it something much more precious—an atmosphere of real contentment that lasts for years and years.

The master of the house can find no greater relaxation than in its cosy depths, for, with its patented automatic action, any position—upright, resting or lounging—can be obtained without making any adjustment or leaving the chair. He can draw it up to the fire and read or smoke or even sleep in perfect peace and comfort, just as the mistress of the house finds in it the perfect position of ease for knitting, sewing or chatting over a cup of tea. Designed to suit everyone, tall or short, the Berkeley Superlax is a masterpiece of value. Made only from the very best materials, of the greatest strength and durability, it is sold at an extremely low figure. This is only possible by specialised production at the Berkeley factories—the largest in the Kingdom devoted solely to upholstery—large output, and direct selling to the public.

See the range of Berkeley Coverings and Upholstery before deciding on your furnishing scheme. Send coupon NOW!

SPECIFICATION Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

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Sold under our usual Guarantee of money-back, if not satisfied within seven days. **FREE DELIVERY in England, Wales and Scotland.**

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70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

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COUPON Please send me Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

John Bull.....

Remarkable Medical

SKIN DISEASE PREDICTION COMES TRUE

Leaders of Medical research, who seldom allow themselves more than the most cautious utterances upon the professional future, have been unanimous in this one prediction:—"If ever a form of sulphur is discovered that is capable of being digested and assimilated into the blood stream of a sufferer, we shall have conquered skin disease."

It was a prophecy prompted by the fact that not one thousandth part of the amazing purifying, anti-parasitic and tissue-rebuilding properties known to exist in sulphur have been assimilated.

Even if it were possible for you to eat a hundredweight of ordinary sulphur, less than a saltspoonful would be absorbed; yet in spite of this, the beneficial effects of this minute quantity have been so great as to make sulphur one of the most widely prescribed of skin remedies.

Now, one of Germany's leading research chemists, after fifteen years of unremitting endeavour, has at last perfected the first form of assimilable and digestible sulphur ever known.

In great hospitals whose names are household words, the effects have been so spectacular as to stagger even those medical men who expected outstanding results—a striking realisation of one of the few predictions the medical profession has ever permitted itself.

JACOB IGNATZ MRÓCHEN,
whose name will go down in the history of medicine as the discoverer of the first assimilable form of sulphur ever known.

THE ENDING OF YOUR SKIN TROUBLE CAN NOW BE GUARANTEED. That is the meaning to you of a discovery that has realised one of the greatest of medical dreams—an assimilable and digestible form of sulphur over 1,000 times more clinically effective than any known before. Indeed, so swift and certain are the results, showing themselves by the most obvious day-to-day improvement in more than 15,000 obstinate and repulsive cases in England during the past 10 months, that it is possible to go **even further and put a guaranteed time limit to your suffering.** Irrespective of whether your trouble is of recent appearance or of years' standing, whether it is of parasitic origin, contagion or the after-effects of other illness, it is now possible to undertake (if you write to-day) that

BY JANUARY 20 Your Skin Troubles will be clearing for good—or you pay nothing

To you who have probably tried remedy after remedy in vain, this public guarantee may seem little short of miraculous. Actually there is nothing miraculous about it if you consider why each and every one of such remedies have failed.

Those you applied locally could not remedy the infected or impure state of your blood, which is the basic CAUSE of your affliction. Those you have taken internally could not bring into the blood stream the purifying, anti-parasitic and tissue-rebuilding properties of the one element doctors KNEW could end your trouble. Indeed, the offensive effects you have noticed with other sulphur remedies are **direct evidence** that the sulphur has been passing out of your body **unabsorbed.** With this new treatment, there are no obnoxious effects whatever—proof that every grain is assimilated.

FREE Illustrated Book

Under the name "SIBSUL" Soluble, Assimilable Sulphur Treatment, this epic medical discovery is now made available to the British public. **The full facts and how to treat yourself with certain knowledge of success** are described in a treatise prepared by its distinguished discoverer in collaboration with British authorities entitled ***"The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for good."*** Already, in the few short months it has been before the British public, it has brought the banishment of their afflictions to more than 15,000 British skin sufferers, many of whose cases had been given up as hopeless. You, too, can have a clean, healthy skin again and can see and experience the improvement that many sufferers have described as **spectacular.** We invite you most cordially to send for this book, which is of great interest to everyone and is quite free.

Post this **NOW**

If you suffer from:

ECZEMA
PSORIASIS
LEG TROUBLE
NETTLERASH (*Urticaria*)
BARBER'S RASH (*Sycosis*)
IMPETIGO
DERMATITIS
ACNE
PIMPLES & BOILS

The Institute of Brenlos *where the amazing therapeutic effects of Mróchen's discovery were tested, in co-operation with leading medical specialists of the University.*

COMPLETELY CURED OF VARICOSE ULCERS AFTER 30 YEARS

"I underwent a course of your Treatment for bad legs, and I think it only right to let you know that I am completely cured after close on 30 years' suffering and after all other treatment had failed. I have since recommended your Treatment to a friend of mine. I am now sending for a course of Treatment for my wife, who has got Eczema in her foot and leg following Neuritis or Gout."—J. M., Sale, Manchester.

COULD HAVE SAVED POUNDS

"I am glad to report that the Treatment completely cleared me of the skin trouble, and you must accept my thanks. I could have saved pounds had I taken advantage of your advert. earlier than I did."
—F. R., Aldershot.

NETTLERASH CURED AFTER 10 YEARS

". . . And I am feeling quite fit, and I have had no symptoms whatever of the old troubles. I am more than pleased at results, and shall be delighted to recommend to anyone needing similar treatment."—
P. H., Amersham Common.

APPLICATION FORM

To SOLUBLE SULPHUR LTD.
Adam House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me without obligation of any kind in plain envelope, a copy of your booklet, "The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good," with full details of your guarantee that my skin trouble shall be clearing for good by January 20, 1938.

NAME .....
(Please print in BLOCK Letters, and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage, it will be appreciated, but this is not essential. "John Bull," 1/1/38

My Favourite Heroine by Frank Swinnerton

THE REAL MISS 1938

Margery Allingham's Amanda has never been portrayed on the stage or screen, but Eleanore Whitney, young Paramount star, whom you see here, typifies this most modern of Miss Moderns

IT takes all sorts of heroines to make a novelist's galaxy; and one man's joy is another man's horror.

For example, a friend of mine said the other day that, on the whole, he preferred the hard-luck heroine, the Tess or Esther Waters, who is wronged early in life and never recovers from a bad start.

I do not care for such heroines. I can pity them, but I do not like them.

Another man has a taste for the statuesque or Meredithian heroine, who "swims" across rooms, and is so lady-like that I should be tongue-tied in her company. No statuesque heroine could be a favourite with me.

Nor could I love the dumb heroine, the Lummox of Fannie Hurst's fine novel, who placidly accepts the blows of fate and hardly ever seems to know what she is doing.

Nor the tomboy, or Paddy-the-next-best-Thing type, who is all smiles and tears and accidents and affections. I imagine her in my own home and know that for me she would be a terrible domestic affliction.

Nor the moody, self-analytical woman beloved of women novelists, who is one-half a novelist herself, and the other half nothing but chewed string. I long to cure her moodiness with a dose of senna, some fresh air, and a useful task. No, the heroine for me must have a sense of fun. She must be independent, spirited, brave (and as quiet about her courage as a hero), and she must be a lady.

And by lady I do not mean a fine lady, or a girl of title, or a girl with a super-fine accent whom one suspects of mincing her words and saying "rahlah" for "really" or "dernt" for "don't."

None of these things; but a young woman free from spitefulness, affectedness, and self-righteousness, who is neither a prude nor a hussy, who keeps her fingernails short and clean, and, although unaware of her own charm, has a proper self-respect.

That is to say, I like in a heroine the characteristics I like in a real person.

Elizabeth, in Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," is my favourite old-fashioned heroine. She laughs at follies and nonsense, makes up her mind quickly (and wrongly), and falls in love without suffering from the vapours. She has no superior as a heroine.

But among really modern girls the heroine I prefer to all others is Amanda Fitton, in Margery Allingham's "Sweet Danger." If you do not know that book, or that author's work, you will here raise your eyebrows. You will think to yourself: "What about Joan, Margaret, Isbel, Elspeth, Dora ——?"

But, if you are familiar with Amanda, or with Miss Allingham's work, you will understand almost everything about my taste in heroines.

Must be Pretty

You are right. In the books of other men I like them romantic, and I like them young—not middle-aged.

They must be healthy, prompt-witted, and ready, not for sentiment, but for the next event, even though it involves dangerous adventure. And they must be pretty.

"Amanda Fitton," says Miss Allingham, "eighteen next month, was at a stage of physical perfection seldom attained at any age. She was not very tall, slender almost to skinniness, with big honey-brown eyes, and an extraordinary mop of hair so red that it was remarkable in itself."

Never mind the red hair. Her smile "turned her mouth into a triangle, and revealed very small, white, even teeth."

And "her costume consisted of a white print dress with little green flowers on it, a species of curtaining sold at many village shops. It was cut severely, and was rather long in the skirt."

That was Amanda in her best. But for ordinary wear she had what she called her working clothes, in which she looked ten years younger than her age.

In that costume "her slender figure was covered by an old brown jersey and skirt which had shrunk with much washing until they clung to her like a skin." And she really worked.

She lived, with brother, sister, and aunt, in an ancient Suffolk mill-house. After darkening the room, so as to minimise its shabbiness, Amanda interviewed —only partly realising that they were heroes, and that one of them was the celebrated Albert Campion, a private detective second only in whimsy to Lord Peter himself—two young men who had come in search of lodgings.

She did not simper or ogle the young men. She was not "sweet." No, she spoke up as if she knew all the needs of heroes.

"The food is good," she said. "Home-cooked and—er—liberal. If you are delicate, the water is very good here. You can have as much milk and butter and eggs as you can eat. . . .

"All the rooms want doing up a bit, but the beds really are good. And the food really could be absolutely marvellous if you did pay three guineas a week. . . .

"Wait! You'll have to find out sooner or later. . . . Of course, this is very awkward, but then you can always have one of those flat round ones, and I don't mind fetching water.

"We could have the copper alight all day. And if you wanted one when you came in—in the evening or anything—we could just get it out of the copper in a pail. . . ."

But letting is only a sideline of Amanda's. Besides being resolute in danger, she is nimble-witted, capable, and an electrician of genius.

She runs the mill, charges batteries for the neighbourhood, adorns the house with inventive gadgets, and, when it is needed, contrives a superb wireless relay which solves a great mystery and achieves the book's thrilling climax.

You cannot wonder that after she has praised Mr. Campion's plan of campaign with the words: "It's good! Very hot!" and heard his complacent endorsement of her praise, she should add: "I'm conceited, too. But I wish you luck."

Please note that it is to Amanda alone that Mr. Campion confides his secrets. It is to her aid that he owes the success of his fight with evildoers. And it is due to her heroic swiftness that he escapes at last with his life.

Amanda herself is shot, and faints; but she quickly rallies and, as sentiment rears up, falls fast asleep. This, I contend, is the way a heroine should behave.

Waste of Time

I have given you the author's description of her outward appearance; but I have not been able to show, as the book shows, how fresh and original Amanda's mind is.

She is aware of its quality. As she lies wounded, well knowing that with the rescue of her brother's heritage there will be no more milling and battery-charging for her in the future, she offers herself to Mr. Campion as a business partner.

"I don't want to go to a finishing school, you know," she says. "Get that well into your head. No higher education for me."

It would be a waste. Amanda deserves a life fit for the exercise of her exceptional talent. As Mr. Campion's partner she would be invaluable, and would drive every foolish look from his face.

Indeed, as "Sweet Danger" was published in 1933, and as Mr. Campion is now nearly thirty-eight years of age, I consider the partnership overdue.

Amanda cannot possibly be still living in Suffolk. She must long since have been carried into the main stream of life. Where is she? What is she doing?

If Miss Allingham ever writes a "straight" novel, in which there is no mystery, but a conflict of wills and character, she should remember Amanda.

For Amanda is, at present, only a girl in a delightful tale of adventure, in which old rhymes and gnomic scratchings hide the titles of an heir to his property.

But if she were drawn at full length, with her fun, her outspokenness, and all the truthful candour in which she outshines heroines more ambitious, she might be a favourite for the whole of the world.

It is a fair prospect; but no more than her due.

Next week—a heroine of the gay 'nineties, who captured the heart of a dashing young duke. She is the choice of a new novelist, Chester Merdant, whose pen-picture of her will conclude this very popular series.

Unfit for Work

when lazy kidneys cause
Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest.

YOUR KIDNEY filters get partially clogged and congested at times. Poisons collect in the blood and cause backache, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, dizzy spells, headaches, disturbed sleep, stiff painful muscles and joints, swollen limbs renal dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills relieve these painful disorders by cleansing and invigorating the kidneys and bladder. They destroy bacteria in the urine and make you feel healthy and fit for work once more.

Laid up Five Weeks

Mr. F. Hitchon, 26, Heeley Street, New Road, Blackpool, says:—"I was laid up for five weeks with kidney complaint. The pains in the small of my back were agonising. At every movement there was a sharp pain like a stab. The urine contained a sediment and caused a burning pain when seeking relief. No matter what I tried, I could not get permanent ease until I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. I took four boxes altogether and I have kept champion since. (Signed) F. Hitchon."

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 2/- 5/- (3/6)

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

CHILDREN must NOT COUGH

The child of to-day has few chinks in its armour, but the lungs are easily the weakest spot. Smoky air—worse to-day than it has been for a generation—clogs and blackens the lungs of the city child. Scientific dieting and careful upbringing strengthen the bones and are excellent for the general health, but the lungs are out of sight. Do not let "out of sight" mean "out of mind."

For children especially a preventive course of Famel Syrup is a timely precaution. With its base of soluble Lactocresote (discovered in the Famel Laboratories) Famel Syrup is a wonderful antidote to cough and cold germs. Carried by the blood stream to the lungs and breathing passages, it gets right to the root of the trouble and drives out the germs from within, while certain tonic constituents heal and re-vitalise the damaged tissue. Famel Syrup brings instant relief, and—much more important—recovery, rapid and complete.

N.B. TO MOTHERS. Orange juice, laced with Famel Syrup, is a nightcap that most children really enjoy.

FAMEL Brand **SYRUP**

Goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

Buy a bottle now from your chemist (1/6 or 3/-)—and be prepared.

In boxes 15 for 6D 30 for 1/-
In tins 30 for 1/- 60 for 2/-
PLAIN · CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

A welcome break during the painting of her portrait: Miss Polly Ward, the stage and screen star, pauses for a De Reszke Minor.

'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. *And they last the full 10 minutes.*

For that leisured ¼ hour—De Reszke Majors 20 for 1/-

De Reszke MINORS

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1. *Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd*

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 290565, Bertram Hunt, Veredene, Soundwell Road, Staple Hill, Bristol.

Reader's Story by Bertram Hunt

Mystery Warning

"Look—out—danger, The White Gables," was the message I heard

BEFORE the strange sequence of events which I am going to relate, I was a realist. Spirits, ghosts and anything supernatural were, I believed, the result of people's imagination.

By mentioning these facts, you mustn't think that this is a ghost story, though it concerns an experience for which I have no explanation.

It happened in the summer of 1921. I was employed as chief telegraphist of a provincial newspaper.

That summer I had arranged to spend my annual leave in North Wales with a friend who had a similar job on another newspaper.

About two weeks before my holidays fell due I was on early duty. Not long after I started, the telegraph wire between my office and the London transmitting station went dead.

There was nothing extraordinary about this. It is a fairly common experience in the life of the average telegraphist. In such circumstances, it is the custom to inform the Post Office authorities. They maintain such lines. Having done this, I waited for the fault to be rectified.

Ten minutes elapsed. Nothing happened. Then the sounder came into circuit and tapped out a message in Morse.

"Look—out—danger, The White Gables," was the message I heard. The sounder then went silent—the line was dead again. A quarter of an hour later the fault was put right and full communication was restored. It was then that I asked the operator at the up station what the message he had sent meant.

His reply came back as follows: "The Post Office engineers asked me to send out signals to aid them in tracing the fault. I sent a few paragraphs from a novel. Did you get any of it?"

That constituted the first link in the strange sequence of events that were to follow.

A fortnight later I started my vacation. It was while my friend and I were crossing over the Aber-Glaslyn on our way to Portmadoc that the other link appeared.

I was driving a two-seater motor car. My mind was occupied with thoughts of lodgings for the night. It was getting dusk, and, except for the purr of the engine, everything was quiet.

Gradually my mind became distracted by the engine. It seemed to be knocking. After listening, I became alarmed, for I did not relish a breakdown in this remote spot.

CONTINUING to listen, I was surprised and not a little mystified to hear the sound take on a regular rhythm—it was the rhythm of the Morse code.

There was no mistaking it. A message came through. The word "danger" was repeated several times. I read and reread it, and, at the same time, wondered whether I was a victim of hallucination.

Turning to my companion, I asked him what he made of the noise. He listened attentively for a minute. "Why, it's the word 'danger,'" he replied. "Then I'm not crazy," I added.

As we were speaking the engine returned to its normal purring. As it did so, we both laughed and said what fools we were to let our imaginations run away with us.

We explained the phenomenon by attributing it to some freak of echo resulting from the high mountains on either side of the road.

By the time we reached the outskirts of Portmadoc it was dark. Passing a white bungalow outside of which was a board advertising bed and breakfast, I pulled up to enquire about the terms.

A pleasant, middle-aged woman answered the door. When she learned what we wanted, she asked us inside. It was a clean and neat little place, and both of us were delighted with the room that was shown us.

After a hearty feed, I went to the bathroom. It was while I was there that the third link of this remarkable sequence appeared.

I observed that the tap of the washbasin was dripping. This somehow attracted my attention. The drops fell in a jerky sort of way—a regular drop, drop, drop. To my trained ear they formed the word "danger" again.

The thing perturbed me. I was filled with fright. It made me restless. I went into my room and pondered the matter. Surely, I reasoned, it couldn't be mere coincidence—twice within an hour.

There was something in it more than that. I decided to investigate further. Returning to the bathroom, however, I discovered that the tap was dripping normally—the vagary of a worn washer.

Still perturbed, I went out in the cool night air. I had said nothing to my friend. While reflecting on the strange phenomenon, a car with brilliant headlights passed by. As it swung round a corner the lights illuminated the gatepost.

For the first time I saw the name of the bungalow. The sight of it set my heart beating rapidly against my ribs—it was "The White Gables."

The three links in the chain became plain now. There was that morning in the office when the wire went dead and I had received the testing signal, the noise in the engine an hour or so before, and just recently the dripping tap. What did it all amount to?

The answer was easy. "Danger at 'The White Gables.'" And here I was actually at "The White Gables."

My mind was made up. After a hurried consultation with my friend, I began to repack my things. A fortune wouldn't have induced me to stay in that house. The poor landlady was at a loss to understand our action. To appease her, we paid her for a night's lodging and proceeded to Beddgelert.

That night we stayed in Beddgelert. The next morning we awoke to see the strong sun dispersing the mist from the noble brow of Moel Hebog—the mountain which overlooks the tiny village.

Recalling the strange events of the night before, I was inclined to believe that I had acted rather foolishly. The whole business, I concluded, was nothing more than a bad attack of nerves.

BY a process of auto-suggestion, I had no doubt influenced my friend. He appeared to agree with me, and at breakfast he gave me the biggest leg-pulling I've ever had.

But the chain of strange events was not yet complete.

Later on in the day we drove to Portmadoc. On the way we had to pass "The White Gables" again. When we were nearing it, I observed a small group of people congregated outside.

When we reached it we saw that half the bungalow was caved in.

Stopping the car, we asked what had happened. It transpired that a lorry driver had lost control of his vehicle owing to faulty steering and had crashed into the bungalow, reducing the room in which we were supposed to have slept to matchwood.

Now what I want to know is, were the links in this strange chain of events coincidence or were we being warned of danger from another sphere? Personally, I don't know. But one thing is certain, I am not the realist I used to be before this experience.

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!

Why endure Rupture when you can be fit and active in a few days from now? Whatever your age or sex, whatever you have tried, we know the famous **Brooks Rupture Appliance** will STOP your worries for good—pleasantly, instantly and painlessly, in the privacy of your home, without interfering with work or pleasure! It's dangerous to neglect your Rupture. Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss. Instead, enjoy the comfort and security that only **Brooks** can offer—lead an active life, knowing that your **Brooks** is healing as well as holding. Feather-light, invisible, durable, yet really **CHEAP IN PRICE.** 3,200 doctors recommend Brooks. You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved invention. Avoid dangerous risks. Act now. Overcome your Rupture. Find out how you may **TRY A BROOKS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Send for free book now (sent in plain sealed envelope), and stop your rupture worries for ever!

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Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

Name .....

Address .....

(Please write plainly) .....

Cut out and Post—TO-DAY.

Race with "Silver Ring"

BEST AGE for the NATIONAL

A CORRESPONDENT asks when is a steeplechaser at his best for the Grand National.

Recent records point to seven years as being the best.

Forbra obliged in 1932, followed by Kellsboro' Jack in '33 and Golden Miller in '34. Royal Mail, another seven-year-old, won last March.

Rising seven-year-olds I expect to find in the entries next week are Antipas, Santa Klaus and Silver Bow II. but, for the coming contest, I still prefer Airgead Sios and Royal Mail.

Macaulay—13 to 2—and Irish Vein—100 to 30—were good winners for the Code at the Sandown Park recent meeting.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 30, to Wednesday, January 5.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

S9398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

DID CHRISTMAS UPSET YOUR STOMACH?

Perhaps it's just as well for your stomach that Christmas comes but once a year. For the pudding and pastry and other rich food are inclined to put even the best digestive system out of gear. You certainly aren't the only one with a headache, a touch of indigestion or biliousness, an attack of flatulence, or some other "after effect."

Take a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and you'll be as right as rain again in very quick time. This great stomach remedy banishes pain and discomfort almost instantly. It nips trouble in the bud by counteracting the excess acid, soothing the stomach membranes and stopping fermentation. The system is soon clean and in proper working order again, and life goes on even better than before.

Children's little "tummies" are also easily upset by rich food. But here, too, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is all you need. It puts them right in a matter of minutes, restoring their high spirits and appetite.

Finally, one word about buying MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Look for the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is genuine only if this signature appears on bottle and carton. In Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; also pocket tins of Tablets at 9d. (38)

NO NEED TO BE FAT AT ANY AGE!

It's not your stomach that puts up your weight as you get on in life—it's your liver! After the first flush of youth—often before—modern diet and modern life begin to tell on the liver. It grows sluggish. Poisonous waste accumulates within. In a few years you are old and flabby, for waste means fat and loss of 'tone.'

The remedy is as simple as it is natural. To aid the liver and prevent fatness or to get rid of fat, do this. Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water every morning. Fynnon Salt is not a 'fizzy' salt, or purgative or any quack preparation. It is a balanced combination of those health-promoting minerals that give world-famed Spa waters their virtue.

In Fynnon Salt you get the *true Spa elements* of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium. These, 'Nature's Salts of the Earth,' gradually dissolve unhealthy fat and purify the whole system. They give liver and kidneys the gentle daily stimulus they need, and assure a clean, fresh blood stream at any age.

Naturally, you become fit and firm-fleshed. Of course, you keep free from Rheumatism and other ailments. And all through a daily teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water! Large tins 1/3 at all chemists. (38)

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

IT is the function of the blood to carry health-preserving nourishment to the countless millions of living cells of which the body is composed. When it fails in this important function the cells break down and become diseased; *and this condition will persist until the blood itself is revitalised.* So-called "blood purifiers" are of no use in such conditions; impurities in the blood are merely incidental to the condition. The real trouble is that the blood has become chemically unbalanced; it is deficient in certain vital constituents, and drugging the system can never make good this deficiency.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

ELASTO, the new Biological Remedy, is not a drug, but a vital cell-food; it contains the missing blood-constituents in a highly potentized form, the only form in which the blood can take them up and use them. It is prepared in small, delicate tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is absorbed *directly* into the blood through the tiny glands of the mouth and throat. That is a distinctive feature of Elasto, and partly explains its wonderful effectiveness; *it does not enter the stomach.* Such ailments as varicose veins, varicose ulcer (bad leg), swollen legs, phlebitis, heart troubles, bad circulation, piles, rheumatism, hardened arteries and similar disabling conditions are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of the vitalising principles of the blood. No lasting improvement in these conditions is possible until the cause of the weakness has been removed, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, does this with complete effectiveness, in a manner new to curative science.

Elasto Benefits the Whole System!

ELASTO is a great constitutional remedy; it may be taken by all whose health is below par. Users are quite frequently astonished by its effect on their general health and vitality, they report inproved digestion, freedom from headaches, greater cheerfulness and vigour, "liverishness" dispelled as if by magic, etc. To those who have no knowledge of the workings of our bodies, it may seem strange that a remedy taken for one ailment should be the means of bringing relief in other, and seemingly unrelated ailments, but this interesting fact is not so remarkable as it may at first appear.

A Good Circulation—the Real Basis of Health

IT is an indisputable fact that a sound circulation and healthy blood, rich in vital properties, is the basis of life and health. It follows logically, therefore, that the revitalised blood and improved circulation, which quickly follow the use of Elasto, cannot fail to bring real and lasting benefit to every organ and tissue of the body. The far-reaching effects of a revitalised blood-stream can be truly amazing; (hence the miracles of healing performed by means of blood-transfusion). Elasto is based upon the latest discoveries of curative, nutritional science; it is a pure, natural product, highly potentized, and is in complete harmony with the human system. *Elasto contains no animal gland extracts.*

Read what Users of Elasto say:

- *"Elasto put new life into me."*
- *"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."*
- *"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."*
- *"Now walk long distances with ease."*
- *"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."*
- *"No sign of Varicose Veins now."*
- *"My heart is quite sound again now."*
- *"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."*
- *"Elasto has quite cured my Eczema."*
- *"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."*
- *"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."*
- *"My skin is as soft as velvet."*
- *"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."*
- *"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66."*
- *"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."*
- *"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved."*

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ☆

ELASTO (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....

(Please print in capital letters).

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 1/1/38 .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

YOU CAN BE FREE FROM CATARRH

HEAD NOISES AND CATARRHAL DEAFNESS FOR GOOD—*ONLY WHEN* YOU TREAT THE CAUSE

and not a day before

The head noises, catarrhal deafness, stuffiness, thick speech, etc., are only symptoms of a serious internal condition. The roots of Catarrh lie in the colon. Only when you treat the cause and the effects as I did will your Catarrh go for good. 100,000 other sufferers have proved to be right. Now here is your opportunity. Read below how you can do it yourself at home.

I WILL END YOUR CATARRH FOR EVER — OR IT SHALL NOT COST YOU 1D.

HEAD EFFECTS OF CATARRH *are really symptoms of a much more serious and sometimes dangerous internal condition—see below.*

THE CAUSE OF CATARRH *lies in the colon where the waste matters of the body collect. Only a treatment which clears the germs from the colon can end catarrh FOR GOOD.*

CURED AT 77.

"My nerves are stronger and I now get natural sleep. . . . I have more energy and can do my housework. And at my age, 77, it is wonderful what your treatment has done for me."—S. SKIPPER, Bedford.

I SHALL BROADCAST . . .

"My catarrh has quite disappeared. I shall broadcast through the village and tell every sufferer of your treatment. I feel quite bonny."—G. TITHERIDGE, Kent.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

"There is, however, a way to banish catarrh, and that is Mr. Allan Cooper's remedy."—"Sunday Mercury."

WHAT does a doctor do? He judges from your symptoms the **cause** of your troubles. That is the only way he can hope to put you right. Why was the X-ray hailed as a great blessing to mankind? Because it revealed the **cause** of many ailments that had been difficult to understand. There is little hope of any cure of any disease **unless the cause is known.** And there is little hope of your ever being **free from Catarrh** until you know and treat the **root cause.** When your tongue is furred you do not wash it, you take some medicine and your tongue clears naturally. In the same way **the head effects of Catarrh** are only symptoms. The germ that causes the trouble is breeding rapidly deep down **in the colon,** infecting the system, giving you **constipation, indigestion, flatulence, nausea, loss of appetite,** and finally reaching the head. Then you get **nasal congestion, restricted breathing, headaches, depression, irritability, stuffiness,** and you say you have Catarrh.

Stop and ask yourself if this does not compare with your experience. **I know it does.** I suffered just as you are suffering now. I had **chronic Catarrh.** But when I found and **treated the cause** the effects went magically.

I became a different man, clear-eyed, active, able to forge ahead in my business life, to enjoy my social life, and to take my place in normal, healthy society, without shrinking or self-consciousness.

This same treatment that ended my Catarrh **I offer you** now. **Over 100,000 sufferers** have reported **complete success** after using it. You can do the same.

If you will write your name and address in the coupon below I will send you, free of all charge, my specially-written booklet *"The Only Way to End Catarrh for Good."* It gives you full information and tells you how, in the privacy of your own home, you can treat yourself and end your Catarrh, not for a day, not for a week, not for a year, but for good and all. **It costs you nothing** to do this, and further you have my guarantee printed in black and white beside my photograph which appears above. You have nothing to lose and you alone know what you have to gain.

I do not believe in FREE Samples.

I prefer to give you better evidence that my treatment ends the trouble permanently. Write to me for particulars of my far fuller and extended trial and how you are covered by my absolute and legally binding Guarantee.

ALLAN COOPER.

ALL YOU RISK IS A 1½d. STAMP

MR. ALLAN COOPER, 66, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Dear Sir,—Please send me, without obligation, your 32-page book, "The Only Way to End Catarrh for Good," which tells me how to banish permanently my Catarrh, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, together with full details of your guarantee as mentioned above.

NAME .....

(Please print in BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Note.—If you care to enclose a 1½d. stamp to cover postage, it will be appreciated but this is not essential. John Bull, 1/1/38

Send for this

FREE CATALOGUE

of the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair

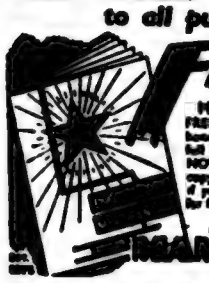
—it adjusts itself!

THE Berkeley Superlax brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year. It is undoubtedly unique because it moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit the mood in which one may be.

Don't overlook the offer on page 25—this Superlax model illustrated can be obtained for small monthly payments of only 10/-. A FREE illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon. Send this to-day.

SAXOPHONES : TRUMPETS : GUITARS : DRUMS, all by the world's finest makers. **ACCORDIONS BY HOHNER.** *On Britain's easiest terms.*

Most instruments with FREE tuition. ***FREE—Valuable New Year gifts to all purchasers.***



FREE

MAX MAHELOK offers — FREE his 68 page catalogue containing hundreds of illustrations and packed full of valuable information. Send NOW for your FREE and POST FREE copy of this wonderful catalogue, also, if you are interested in the Guitar for free copy of "Frosted Harmony."

MAX MAHELOK

Musical Instrument Specialist

MAHELOK Bros Ltd

Dept. J.B.

29-35, Oxford Road, Manchester, 1.

Doctor's Cure for Children's Coughs

Every mother knows how worrying kiddies' coughs are—apart from the distress caused by the cough itself, there is always the possibility of complications .. heart-strain, congestion, pneumonia, etc.

But there's no need to worry as long as you treat the cough properly. All you do is take the advice of Dr. F—, Physician to a large London Clinic. He writes:

"I feel I must write again regarding the continued good results I am obtaining from the use of 'Pineate' Honey Cough Syrup. Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child."

You see, 'Pineate' (brand) Honey Cough Syrup is the *triple-action* cough remedy. Its pure, harmless ingredients kill the germs, loosen the phlegm, and soothe and heal the inflammation. And the honey makes it just delicious to take. You can't do better than follow a doctor's advice, can you, so why not get a 1/6 bottle of 'Pineate' from your chemist to-day? One dose never fails to stop a cough—you can literally feel it doing you good!

Real Relief

for dry, husky, tickling throats.

VICK'S LOZENGES 6d

TASTE GOOD – DO GOOD

A SURE WAY TO STOP COLDS AND 'FLU

Once "Family Never Free"—Now Colds "Vanished Altogether."

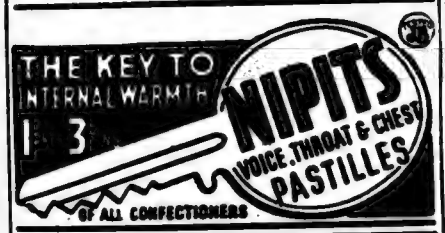
One reason colds are so hard to throw off is because when you catch a cold or 'flu your system develops too much acidity, and ordinary medicines have no effect on it.

That is why Mrs. Powter, of Hull, took so long to find relief. Read what she says: "My family have been subject to colds and headaches, and we have tried several kinds of 'cures,' but never got really clear. So we tried 'Alka-Seltzer,' and have received complete relief from the headache attacks, while colds simply vanished altogether."

'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets are an amazing new remedy for Colds, Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism and all the effects of excess acidity. They make a pleasant, sparkling drink that drives away your trouble like magic.

Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with salts or morning medicines. It's not a laxative. There's nothing like it. Nothing half so good.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.



★ A FREE BOOKLET on SKIN TROUBLES

Here's news! The first soluble assimilable sulphur treatment for skin diseases is announced on page 25. A free copy of a special booklet with full details will be sent to all readers who fill in the application form in the advertisement.

CATARRH SUFFERERS

Turn to page 28

★ PARTICULARS of a new remedy can be obtained by filling in the Coupon. It will bring, without obligation, a 32-page book "The New Way To End Catarrh for Good." Send the Coupon now!

Pensioned—at 23!

Mr. L. M. Gatherer

MOST of us can only *hope* for good times in 1938. But the young man whose photograph is reproduced here is one who *knows* that 1938, 1939, 1940, and all which follow for him will be prosperous New Years.

He is Mr. L. M. Gatherer, 229, North Street, Glasgow, First Prize-winner in *Bullets* Record Christmas Offer. An immediate fortune of £1,000 made this twenty-three-year-old bachelor's Christmas the merriest he has ever known, and, to celebrate this Hogmanay and every other for the rest of his days, he has a £3 Weekly Life Pension from JOHN BULL.

* * *

This sudden wealth and independence came to Mr. Gatherer through entering the cheery and seasonable *Bullet*, IN ADVERSITY'S BLIZZARD — ROBIN, TOO—BUT *Singing*!

"My greatest dream has been realised and I'm independent for life!" he told a JOHN BULL representative. "How different the world seems from yesterday—everything in the garden's rosy, although the ground's covered with snow!

"Before this grand success I won a couple of half-crown prizes and a number of 'Target' awards," he recalled. "Many a 'Doubting Thomas' told me that I would never get beyond the 'Target' stage—now I've proved how wrong they were by jumping right to the top of the prize-list!

* * *

"I've been in Glasgow only ten weeks," Mr. Gatherer said. "I came down from my home in Huntly to take up a job as an instrument maker with Messrs. Barr and Stroud.

"Before moving into these lodgings I stayed with my uncle, who is a sergeant in the Glasgow Police Force, at 64, Roslea Drive, Dennistoun, from which address I entered my First Prize *Bullet*.

"My father's a butcher's manager in Huntly. I've got seven brothers and sisters, and it will be a great joy to be able to help by starting a bank account for each of them. I've ordered a piano to be sent home for Hogmanay; I'll be there with my banjo and fiddle—and what a glorious celebration we shall have!

* * *

"What better hobby than *Bullets* could anybody have?" asked our 26th *Bullets* Life Pensioner in conclusion. "For more than a year they have provided me with recreation and instruction—now they have made me independent for life!

"Be like the Robin in my *Bullet*," is this big winner's message to all who want to top the prize tree in the fine *Bullets* Offers of 1938. "Keep singing away—and before long you'll have a prize nest-egg!"

Special Pools Service by "Poolex"

Reducing the Odds

A RECENT development in football pools is the appearance on some of the coupons of a "pocket edition" of the popular penny pools.

About half the penny pool games are grouped in a short list, and the punter is asked to forecast the results of these few games only.

An interesting pool of this type is Cope's "Easy Six," which has a stake of 3d. per line.

I have been doing a little research on this lately, and I have got together all the data with the idea of planning a systematic entry for this pool. As usual, I shall base the entry on the twin principles of the law of averages and a graded Home Strength Order.

Past results show an average of 46 per cent. home wins and 27 per cent. each for draws and aways. In other words, two or three homes, with one or two each of draws and aways is the average weekly make-up.

The Home Strength Order gives us another clue. The first three matches in this order average 60 per cent. home wins, with 20 per cent. each for draws and aways.

The remaining three games have resulted in nearly equal proportions of 1's, x's, and 2's.

Now for the entry.

This being a 3d. pool, I am not going to suggest more than eight lines. Taking the Home Strength Order, cover the first three games for two homes and one draw or two homes and one away. This takes six lines and allows for one surprise result.

We will cover the other three games for one home, one draw and one away, also requiring six lines.

For the last two lines let us bank on the Home Strength Order coming up without any surprises, and complete our entry thus:

1	1	x	1	1	2	1	1
1	x	1	1	2	1	1	1
x	1	1	2	1	1	1	1
1	1	x	2	x	2	x	x
x	2	1	1	2	x	x	2
2	x	2	x	1	1	2	2

I have divided the first six lines into their two halves to remind you that this is only one of the ways of combining the two sets of lines. Remember, too, that the entry is given in Home Strength Order, and not the order in which the matches appear on the coupon.

Lastly, as to chances of success. As there are 729 ways in which a group of six matches can result, eight lines chosen at random would have 8 chances in 729, or odds of 90 to 1 against. Using the eight lines given here, I calculate that these odds are reduced to 25 to 1 at the outside.

Last week a keen supporter of the pools told me of a system he was proposing to use. He stated that some numbers on the coupon had turned up as aways more often than others. I agreed. He therefore suggested combinations of these numbers as an entry for the four-aways pool. I disagreed promptly and plainly. For the benefit of readers who may be using similar ideas, here are my objections.

The numbers on the coupon refer to different teams every week. It can be nothing but pure chance that one number turns up as an away winner more often than another.

Going on the law of averages, I should expect the 2's to be spread equally over all the numbers on the coupon in the long run.

Any number that has already had more than its quota of away winners seems more likely to be below the average in future.

To check this up, I analysed Littlewood's aways pool for last season. In the first half of the season there were 132 away winners on the list of 34 matches, averaging four for each number.

If there is anything in this number theory, the lines which had produced the largest numbers of away wins should continue to do so.

But the facts did not bear this out. Out of seventeen numbers that had been above the average in producing away wins in the first half of the season, twelve proved to be below average in the second half.

Here is a little tip that you may find helpful. When marking up your coupon, always work on the copy coupon first. Then, if you make a mistake or change your mind, you can alter the marking without spoiling the coupon you intend to send in.

Graded Guide

By "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, January 1, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the first list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end of the second list.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

63 Dumbarton v. Forfar.	39 Birmingham v. Stoke.	17 Tranmere v. Rotherham.
62 Luton v. Stockport.	36 Alloa v. Leith A.	16 Blackburn v. Swansea.
57 Falkirk v. Morton.	32 Cardiff v. Clapton O.	15 Dunf'line v. Cowdenb'th.
53 Raith R. v. East Fife.	29 Carlisle v. Accrington.	13 Fulham v. Plymouth.
52 Liverpool v. Chelsea.	27 St. Mirren v. Kilm'nock.	12 Brighton v. Q.P.R.
51 Derby v. Leicester.	25 Southport v. Darlington.	6 Aldershot v. Crystal P.
49 St. J'stone v. Arbroath.	24 St. Bern'rds v. Stenh'se.	5 Leeds v. Charlton.
43 Coventry v. Spurs.	22 York v. Rochdale.	4 N'hampton v. Mansfield.
41 Arsenal v. Everton.	21 Sheff. W. v. Chesterfield.	2 Halifax v. Chester.
40 Celtic v. Rangers.	20 Walsall v. Torquay.	1 Motherwell v. Hamilton.
	19 Grimsby v. Preston.	

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Montrose v. Brechin.	1	Crewe v. Gateshead.	13	Barnsley v. Bradford.	37
Southampton v. Norwich.	2	Bradford C. v. Doncaster.	14	Hart'lepools v. Lincoln.	41
Middlesbro v. Sunderland.	3	Brentford v. Bolton.	19	Edinb'rgh C. v. Dundee U.	43
King's P. v. E. Stirling.	4	Blackpool v. Hudd'sfield.	23	Bristol R. v. Watford.	44
Swindon v. Notts C.	7	W.B.A. v. Portsmouth.	24	Port Vale v. Oldham.	47
Bury v. Burnley.	8	B'rnemouth v. Southend.	25	West Ham v. Aston V.	48
Albion R. v. Airdrie.	9	Millwall v. Reading.	28	Queen's P. v. Third Lan.	49
Manchester C. v. Wolves.	10	Exeter v. Newport.	27	Notts F. v. Sheff. U.	50
Wrexham v. Hull.	11	Barrow v. N. Brighton.	34	Ayr v. Queen of the S.	50
Newcastle v. Man. U.	12	Dundee v. Aberdeen.	36	Hibernians v. Hearts.	51
				Gillingham v. Bristol C.	51

Mr. L. M. Gatherer

Life Pensioner in conclusion. more than a year they have pro- me with recreation and instruc- ow they have made me indepen- or life!

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Stoke.		17 Tranmere v. Rotherham.	
n O.		16 Blackburn v. Swansea.	
gton.		15 Dunf'line v. Cowdenb'th.	
m'nock.		13 Fulham v. Plymouth.	
rlington.		12 Brighton v. Q.P.R.	
tenh'se.		6 Aldershot v. Crystal P.	
.		5 Leeds v. Charlton.	
sterfield.		4 N'hampton v. Mansfield.	
ay.		2 Halifax v. Chester.	
ton.		1 Motherwell v. Hamilton.	
l.	13	Barnsley v. Bradford.	17
aster.	14	Hartlepools v. Lincoln.	11
.	19	Edinb'rgh C. v. Dundee U.	13
field.	23	Bristol R. v. Watford.	11
th.	26	Port Vale v. Oldham.	17
hend.	23	West Ham v. Aston V.	13
p.	29	Queen's P. v. Third Lan.	13
	27	Notts F. v. Sheff. U.	13
hton.	34	Ayr v. Queen of the S.	13
n.	36	Hibernians v. Hearts.	11
		Gillingham v. Bristol C.	11

"As good as an EXTRA VALVE"

AERIALITE Aerial wires

AS good as an extra valve is an aerial of Aerialite PURE COPPER wire. Covered with hermogeneous and weatherproof bituminous insulation. Needs no insulators.

"7-strand"—25 ft. 9d., 75 ft. 2/3, 50 ft. 1/6, 100 ft. 3/-.

"SUPER"—11 strands with DOUBLE thickness insulation. 50ft. 2/-, 75ft. 3/-, 100ft. 4/-

Greater copper surface than "7 strand," gives perfect reception.

Backed by £200 FREE lightning insurance.

From your dealer or direct post free.

AERIALITE LTD.

CASTLE WORKS, STALYBRIDGE.

Sufferers from VARICOSE ULCERS, WOUNDS, ECZEMA, BURNS, PSORIASIS, and all skin diseases will find THOMAS' Brand HEALING SALVE always brings relief. This wonderful ointment soothes, and draws away the poisons, from the first application. No home should be without it. Taylors Drug Co., Ltd., Woodlands Chemists, etc., can supply. If difficulty, send direct.

THOMAS' HEALING SALVE

Price 7½d., 1/3, 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, post free.

Prepared by DOUGLAS (Chemists) Ltd. 73, Upper St., LONDON, N.1

CIRCULATORY TROUBLES

A Free Offer

★ A generous sample of 'Elasto,' a remedy for all blood and circulatory troubles, is offered on p. 29. With the sample will be sent an illuminating free Booklet and copies of recent testimonials. Simply fill in Coupon!

The Art of SPENDING Wisely

EVERYONE is faced with particular problems, but one of paramount importance to the average housewife is that of running the home easily, happily and economically. Science and invention have brought into every home the use of many labour-saving appliances. Newly developed products are constantly being advertised—ready to help you save money and improve your standard of living. A new piece of furniture, a new carpet, something better in the way of radio—any or all can work wonders in adding to the charms of the home. But spending money is much more than paying out. The business of securing the utmost value is truly one of the modern arts—yet, to an extent, one which all can accomplish. Read advertisements! Buy advertised goods!

Whatever your need for the family or the home, furniture or household necessities, efficient heating or lighting, or even something that will give immediate relief from pain, advertisements tell you at a glance how and where your requirements can be met at the keenest possible prices.

The advertisements in JOHN BULL are a reliable guide to the attractive offers made by some of the largest and foremost manufacturers. They *must* be, since whether the advertisements be those of a store offering a variety of bargains, or those referring to everyday commodities, in many instances household words, the continued business of the advertiser depends on his goods being of good value and always certain to give the purchaser satisfaction.

It must be remembered that a manufacturer brands his product with a distinguishing name, and advertises and sells them under that name because he has unlimited confidence in his goods. With his eyes open he is making it easy for any dissatisfied purchaser to avoid buying his particular make of article a second time. Thus it would be sheer commercial insanity to brand and advertise goods that nobody would buy twice.

Of course, only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in JOHN BULL, and readers need never hesitate to respond to them, for they are all of proved value. Particular care is taken to ensure that no reader suffers in loss or disappointment through any of the goods purchased through JOHN BULL. That is why the JOHN BULL Guarantee appears in every issue. Your safeguard!

A famous millionaire once said, "Any fool can make money, but wise spending calls for brains above the average." He meant, in effect, that a wise man spends only when he knows he will get value for his money—a very sound principle.

One very certain way to ensure getting good value is to buy advertised goods, and readers who buy goods advertised in JOHN BULL will spend their money wisely.

The JOHN BULL Guarantee appears here ☞

CROSSWORD No. 90.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 32 is presented the ninetieth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, January 20, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 32. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

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The surest way to get the 'flu is to be afraid of it. Mankind only fears what it does not understand. When you know you have any complaint beaten the complaint ceases to develop. This is one of the reasons why 'ASPRO' is so successful in smashing 'flu. It is a scientific fact that 'ASPRO,' being, after ingestion in the system, an internal antiseptic—an antipyretic or fever-reducer and a germicide, it directly attacks feverish colds and 'flu and can banish them. Add to this the experience of actual users quoted below and you will surely know that, armed with 'ASPRO' tablets, there is no need to fear the 'flu. So at the first appearance of any feverish cold, we suggest you get in early, and take 'ASPRO.' A hot lemon drink or hot whisky also helps. 'ASPRO' promotes skin action and so helps Nature to eliminate the poisons from the system. Furthermore, the weak feeling due to feverishness—the aches and pains and all the various uncomfortable conditions attendant on 'flu simply disappear under the soothing influence of 'ASPRO.' So

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SMASHES COLDS IN ONE NIGHT

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Dear Sir, I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a glass of hot lemon and three 'ASPRO' tablets and I find, by the morning, I am my old self again.—Yours faithfully, G. RAY.

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Just think what this splendid 2-in-1 prize would mean to you: then make up your mind to do your best to bring a golden Joy Wire to your address on Friday, January 14.

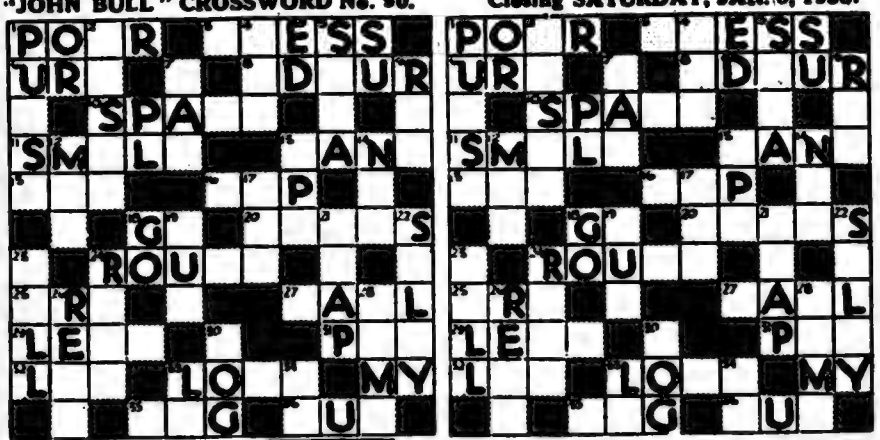
As a special attraction this week, in addition to the big 2-in-1 First and £100 for Runners-up, there are Crossword Bonuses of a new kind, consisting of Free Cigarettes, Tobacco or Chocolates weekly for three months, with the alternative of a Crossword Season Ticket value £2 if preferred.

Here is a golden opportunity for you to celebrate the New Year by securing a big Crossword success. Seize it by tackling the interesting puzzle now and by entering some carefully completed Squares by Saturday, January 8.

LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER SURPRISE OFFER NEXT WEEK!

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 90. Closing SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1938.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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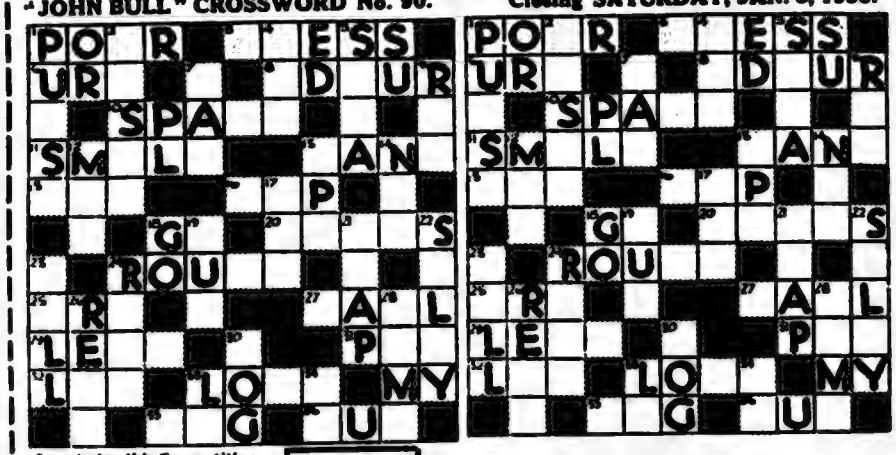

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 90, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Needy
3. An old one will do for most general office work
6. Vase in Burnley
8. Perfume
10. It isn't easy to dig a hole without this
11. Small fish in smelting
13. Performed a song
15. Consume
16. One frequently goes the wrong way
18. Starts grumbling
20. Throws
24. Soldiers soon get used to this
25. Anger
27. Wind often blows it down
29. One is often pressed to keep
31. Friend
32. Conducted
33. Champions sometimes find it hard to avoid publicity when they do this
35. Will only take light articles in some few cases
36. Young dog

DOWN

1. Clever politician pays special attention to the public's
2. Violent attack
4. Eggs of fishes
5. People usually dislike a plain one
7. It's always nice to see one caught out
9. Housewife generally has special one for cleaning
12. Some people have one in hall
13. Health resort in despair
14. Sometimes well dressed
17. Frozen water
19. Tiger may make one
21. Good one is sometimes put up in bars
22. Judge's remark in case is sometimes
23. May be the kind that's concerned with money matters
24. Peruse
26. What you get on bagpipes
28. Cyclist needs one at night
30. There's likely to be trouble when one gets loose
33. In centre of palace
34. Ends sleep

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it '& Co.'; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, January 8, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 20. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 25, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 31.

X-WORD No. 88.

Owing to the Christmas Holidays, it has been found impossible to include in this issue the Result of Crossword Competition No. 88; this, together with the winning Puzzle Square, will appear in next week's issue, on sale January 6, 1938.

A helpful feature for would-be winners is the Reasons for Committee's Findings published in our free weekly "Crossword Gazette," containing all the Crossword News and other constructive aid. Secure your free weekly copy by using the Reservation Coupon below.

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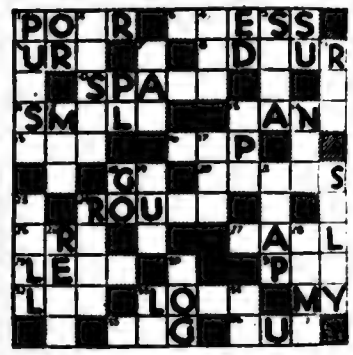

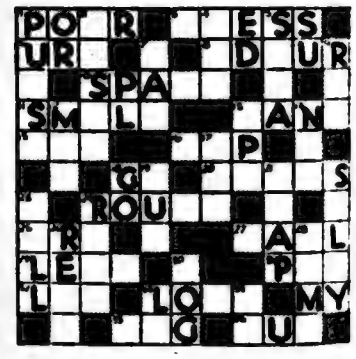

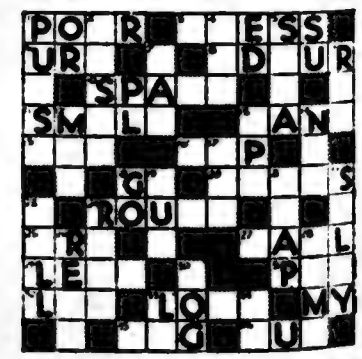

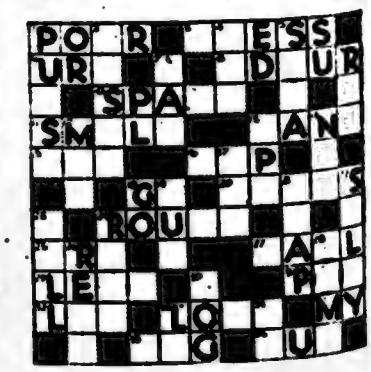

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AGENCIES, CLUBS.

See also Special Club Announcements on Page 16.

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SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects, with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of vacancies, etc., apply C. C. (Dept. 472), 338, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1.

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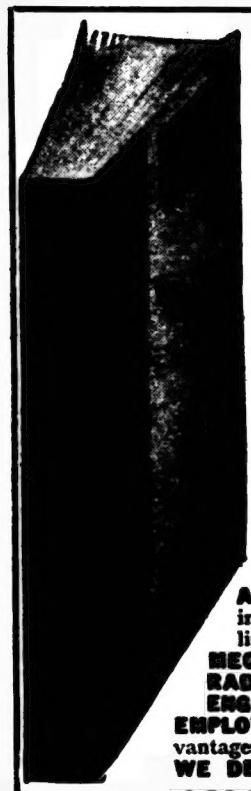

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A FREE humorous book can be obtained from Mullard, the famous valve manufacturers. Simply send a postcard for a copy, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. VBJ, Mullard, 225, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

GREY HAIR AND PREMATURE BALDNESS can hamper you. Don't let Hair troubles let you down. HAIRLO restores strength and colour to thinning, greying Hair, arrests Dandruff and promotes growth. Definitely a Tonic. Not a Dye. Post Free, 2/6.—CROME CO., LR. FOWNES STREET, DUBLIN.

FREE to sufferers from Leg and Circulatory Troubles! Sample of Elasto and copy of a special free booklet. Fill in coupon on p. 29.

CATARRH sufferers: Don't overlook the Allan Cooper offer on page 29. Fill in the free coupon, which will bring you particulars, without cost or obligation, of how you can rid yourself of catarrh and its kindred ailments.

FREE to indigestion sufferers—pocket (or handbag) sample of Moorland Indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write (enclosing 1½d. stp.) to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds.

IF you suffer from headache, Zox acts like magic. Accept this free offer. Any reader can get 2 Zox Powders free by sending 1½d. stamp to the Zox Mfg. Co. (Dept. 62), 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

EVERY man and woman should get a free copy of a most helpful and informative booklet offered by makers of Iron Jelloids. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Iron Jelloid Co. (Dept. J31), Watford, Herts.

A FREE Offer! — to all who are run down. A generous sample of Angier's Emulsion, the proved tonic which builds up health and strength, will be sent to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. K.28), 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp for postage.

FREE Booklet on Skin Diseases! Here's news! The first soluble assimilable sulphur treatment for skin diseases is announced on page 25. A free copy of a special booklet with full details of a guarantee will be sent to all readers who fill in the application form in the advertisement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOUSEWIVES, get this Free Cookery Book. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Stork Co., Dept. B.P.12, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

FREE.—Pennings' Every Mother's Book.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. See page 23.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B., Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, for free particulars of how to make your dog's coat grow healthy and bright by giving him Benbow's Dog Mixture.

FREE to home lovers. A copy of an interesting booklet, "How to Make a Sound Job of a Small Roof," containing 101 helpful little hints. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Ruberoid Co., Ltd., 139, Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.

FREE.—Send for a special free gift book showing valuable gifts in exchange for coupons from Distil Coffee. — Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Distil Mfg. Co. (1921), Ltd., Mocha House, Mint Street, London, S.E.1.

ACCEPT this free offer. Sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to dept. 67A/112, Euthymol, 80, Beak St., London, W.1. Ensure dental hygiene by writing for free trial tube now.

SEND for this special free booklet, "The Truth about our Wines," issued by Whiteway's—the name everyone knows—and whose British wines are pure and healthful and are approved by the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene. The booklet contains illustrations in beautiful colours. Every *John Bull* reader should get a copy. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Whiteway's Cider Co., Ltd., Whimple, Devon.

ACCEPT this free Test. Are you going grey? Evan Williams' TUNISIAN henna safely colours grey hair. Send the firm a cutting from the greyest part of your hair and they will treat this with the correct shade of TUNISIAN henna to show the actual effect. No charge or obligation is incurred. Send at once to the Evan Williams Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

These SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS *Give Prompt Relief*

They will save you doctor's bills. Keep them in your medicine chest. Order them NOW!

FRAZZLED NERVES

"Vitality in a Nut"

Here is a nut which makes a real man or woman of you in a few hours; frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall, life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness, have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for **"Blue Lion Fez Nuts."** Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.99), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Descriptive Book (J.B.320) price 2d. post free.

Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW.** **(Prescription No. 1108/T.)** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.99), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B.296) price 2d. post free.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of **"Shadforters."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.

Prices: 1/4 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.99), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

The Special Shadforth Book on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B. 254) price 2d. post free.

LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth's Prescription (No. 2,000).**

Prices: 6d. (36), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.99), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Booklet (J.B.222) price 2d., post free.

Further well-known SHADFORTH prescriptions prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 6d. (24), 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144).

"SHADPHOS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/- (12), 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or YOU CAN OBTAIN PRIVATELY PACKED AND POST FREE AT THESE PRICES FROM:—

SHADFORTH
PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,

Dispensing Chemists.

(Dept. J.B.99), 40, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Dad . . . *Tunes In!* *by Maz*

GROCER (Liverpool).—"When I mentioned the unpaid bill he squared up to me." Instead of with you, eh?

G. M. (Baldock).—"Unfortunately all the best brandy is in France." The spirit of Christmas is abroad.

G. N. (Ulverston).—"I have heard of a famous old circus horse which has now been pensioned off." Star grazing.

G. B. F. (London, S.).—"I polish brass knockers and handles, and do quite well at it." You make a living out of doors.

JEAN (Shoreham).—"I'm sure he knows I don't like him, for he never asks me to subscribe to his various charities." He doesn't appeal to you.

TAILOR (Blackheath).—"In future I shall check all the cloth I receive, as I fear I'm not receiving the correct lengths." You're going to take stricter measures?

LANDLORD (Bromley).—"It is going to cost me quite a lot of money to repair the damage done by my tenants upstairs." Overhead expenses.

D. M. (Poole).—"Radio evenings are often spoilt by the chestnuts of our so-called comedians." The old jokes at home?

S. G. H. (Lowestoft).—"He told me he had a lot of transport wagons, but I wouldn't believe him until I had seen them." You made him show his carts.

K. L. (Putney).—"The doctor ordered me a mustard plaster, but I was so worried that I owned up to the wife that I had discarded it." You got it off your chest.

C. B. (Gillingham).—"The thief was discovered because the mud on his boots was the same kind as that in the garden of the burgled house." The loam trail.

P. C. (Crewe).—"During the football match the poor referee was pelted with stones and other missiles." Community slinging.

CENTRE-FORWARD (London).—"£10,000 has been offered for my transfer to a club up north." They must think you are worth your weight in goals.

R. N. J. (Margate).—"I was prevented from making my annual speech by an attack of toothache." It made you hold your jaw.

N. M. (Bath).—"Our table tennis tournament was spoilt by the noise that came from a smoking concert in the next room." The ding-dong of the sing-song upset the ping-pong?

MRS. T. F. (Reigate).—"At a recent sale of furniture and hardware, an old woman collided with a grandfather clock and was knocked unconscious." She struck a bargain!

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

THE LEICESTER MERCURY:—"Mrs. D. P. ——— gave 1,000 GUNS for Milton Abbas."

BURTON DAILY MAIL:—"When you cross a street in a city you must have all your FATALITIES about you."

LOWESTOFT JOURNAL:—". . . had thirteen previous convictions for theft and house, warehouse, and shop-breaking and fraudulent CONVERSATION."

ALNWICK AND COUNTY GAZETTE:—"PLATFORMS on London railway stations are being fitted with solid rubber tyres to reduce noise."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"The RICKET brigade went along the low cliffs. . . ."

EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"[illegible] the ACCURSED said his speed [illegible] 30 m.p.h."

THE STAR:—". . . of co[illegible]aroni of beef served with hot [illegible]potatoes in their PACKETS."

Cyril W. (Perranporth).—"Never take a bone away from a dog." But what if it happens to be your own?

The Editor Laughs Last

"One of 'em's been arrested for masquerading as a policeman, but I'm hanged if I can make out which."
—From "The Passing Show."

E. C. (Headington).—"He showed his disapproval of my offer with a gesture of his thumb." He turned it down!

B. T. (Henley).—"Although the frost has not been severe enough yet, outdoor skaters are hoping for the best." And plumbers, for the burst?

ZOOLOGIST (Bridlington).—"The lioness is a keen disciplinarian in family life." She licks her cubs into shape.

BERT (St. Albans).—"I was all dressed up in opera hat and tails the other evening when the snow started to fall." That was a nasty come-down for you.

MRS. D. (Bournemouth).—"What does a medical specialist make out his account in guineas for?" Often the most minor consultation.

LIZZY (Lowestoft).—"During my first flight I experienced queer sensations and could not realise I was an ordinary mortal." You felt like nothing on earth.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

L. D. (Manchester).—"I passed in every subject except recitation." Hard lines.

C. M. (Hampstead).—"Fog prevented our dance-band from fulfilling several of its engagements last month." A case of all murk and no play?

S. V. (Rochester).—"I see they have instituted a curfew in Jerusalem." A bye-bye law.

T. J. (Thornbury).—"On my first trip in an aeroplane I asked the steward for some brandy." A nip in the air.

S. T. C. (Ilminster).—"Before retiring for the night I unlock every window in the house." Where's the catch?

BOXER (Newcastle).—"The other evening a magistrate stood me a hot rum." That was a punch on the beak.

H. N. (Ramsgate).—"The dog I was tipped to back wasn't entered in any of the races." You were on the wrong track?

A. V. (Dagenham).—"The football team from the brewery penned their opponents in their own half." They bottled them up.

D. R. (Bolton).—"When I come up to London I am always completely baffled by the Underground." It gets you down.

P. N. (Beckenham).—"Youth has always called to youth." Generally in office hours on the firm's telephone.

S. B. (Chelsea).—"In my opinion the cheering at football matches should be properly organised as it is in America." Bawl control.

MANAGER (Manchester).—"If an irate client wants to see me, I always send my lady secretary to interview him instead." You give him a miss.

LISTENER (Barnet).—"I was astounded at the fine quality of American broadcasting when I tried out my new short-wave set." It made you sit up?

ABSTAINER (Ripley).—"One thing about us teetotallers is that we can rely upon never being given away by the opening of our mouths." Not a breath of suspicion.

R.A.F. (Scotland).—"While practising parachute descents I had the misfortune to drop clean through the officers' dining-room." You were in a fine mess.

J. M. (Twickenham).—"An extra 20s a week would make a world of difference to our little home." For your map of that world, see pages 32 and 35.

M. T. G. (Wandsworth).—"Friends of long standing are often parted by a few hurriedly spoken words." Such as "Time, gentlemen, please."

D. F. (Hull).—"Some dance bands seem to be paid a big sum of money weekly just to make an infernal noise." The wages of din?

GARDENER (Eltham).—"I have discovered a way of getting rid of one of the most destructive of garden pests without using a syringe." It goes without spraying!

G. B. (London, W.).—A thin steel wire will take a tremendous strain." It has to when a pantomime fairy queen of the usual avoirdupois is wafted from the wings.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

One Final Word

Don't forget to look out for the dramatic announcement in next week's JOHN BULL.

A gigantic Gift—worth at least £4 4s.—*Free* and *Post Free* to all!

It's the biggest thing of its kind that any paper has ever done, and so that you won't forget it here's our final word to every reader of this issue—first thing on Thursday next turn to the four centre pages of JOHN BULL.

"BULLETS" 1,099 RESULT

First Prize, £300 plus 50 Guinea Radiogram

D. HOLMES, 10, Field Road, Oxhey, Watford.

Example: LORD NUFFIELD
Bullet: DOESN'T "POSE"—"GESTURES" MAGNIFICENT.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE £50:

W. THOMPSON, 41, Middle Row, Newsham, Blyth, Northumberland.
Example: When Women Rule
Bullet: Will Stork Still Work?

THIRD PRIZE £25:

R. MEHARRY, 49, Donegall Pass, Belfast.
Example: Unmasked
Bullet: War's "Features"—War *Unknown*.

FOURTH PRIZE £20:

Mrs. H. ANTHONY, "Arlan," King George Street, Shotton, Chester.
Example: Keys Of Paradise
Bullet: Don't Need Creed's "Label."

OTHER PRIZES:

£18: Mrs. E. BAZLEY, 338a, Seaside, Eastbourne.
Underfed—Yet Boss Expects "Beef."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£16: G. WILKINSON, 46, Clandon Close, Stoneleigh, Surrey.
Dazzling — Dad's "Footwork," Tenth "Round."

£14: Z. RADFORD, Pinmere, Buckingham.
To Speed Up Recruiting — Attracting "Fodder" With Menu.

£12: Mrs. A. THORPE, 24, Seymour Street, Denton, Manchester.
Lord Nuffield—Many Copying, *Making* Fortunes!

£10: J. CASWELL, 22, Irwin Crescent, Belfast.
In Our Local Panto—Long Interval—Sinbad Seasick!

£9: A. USHERWOOD-SMITH, 3, Louth Road, Ecclesall, Sheffield.
"Bravo!"—Franco To Tokio, Radio.

£8: F. R. FARRAR, 2a, Woodhouse Terrace, Copley, Halifax.
Auntie's Fortune—Four Figures—For Niggers?

£7: W. V. YOUNG, 59, Vicarage Road, Hastings.
Solly Gave A Party And—Unfortunately Crackers Contained Noses!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£6: Mrs. F. CROWTHER, 143, Furlong Road, Goldthorpe, nr. Rotherham.
Auntie's Fortune—"Roll" She's "Buttered" For.

£5: Mrs. S. SUTTON, "Belton," Winchelsea Road, Rye, Sussex.
Underfed—Every Mother's *Married* Son.

£4 10s.: C. SEAGROVE, 7, Selsdon Road, W. Norwood, S.E.
In Our Local Panto—Aladdin Came In *Tight*.

£4: Mrs. A. ROBERTS, 28, Cow Close Road, Lower Wortley, Leeds.
In Due Course—I Awaken Right Official!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£3 15s.: Mrs. WINTER, 110, Fairleigh Manor, Sheffield.
To Settle The Dispute—Another "Power" League's Without.

£3 10s.: A. TURNEY, 15, Tattenhoe Road, Bletchley, Bucks.
Solly Gave A Party And—Jock Raffled His Invitation!

£3 5s.: I. WEBB, 589, Forest Road, Walthamstow.
In Our Local Panto—Even Horse "In Knot"!

£3: Mrs. A. CROSS, 27, Glover Road, Totley, Sheffield.
Old British Custom—Departs—Returns Via America!

A list of 589 other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £1,000 chosen by the First Prize-winner (together with £3 Weekly Life Pension) in Competition No. 1,000 will be displayed in the window of Mr. M. Taylor, 480, Duke Street, Glasgow.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

'BULLETS' GREETS 1938 with INCREASED ONE-WEEK OFFER

£500

6,570 PRIZES MUST BE WON FOR 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS!

2ND PRIZE £50 | 3RD PRIZE £25 | 4TH PRIZE £20 | 5TH PRIZE £10

5 of £5 | 5 of £4 | 5 of £3 | 50 of £1 | 500 of £0

CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JAN. 8

6,000 NEW MYSTERY PRIZES

WIN ONE AND JOIN IN "BULLETS" NOVEL BIG "SHOOTING TOURNAMENT" FOR PRIZES VALUE £175

Up Shoots "Bullets" First Prize This Week!

SEND JOHN BULL the best *Bullet* received for the increased one-week Offer now before you and, on Friday, January 21, a golden Joy Wire will bring you congratulations on capturing a First Prize fortune which has swollen this week to £500 cash.

Think of life with £500 behind you. New furniture, a seaside bungalow, a car, education for your children—yes, you could find a dozen ways of using this fine sum for the benefit of yourself and your family.

This splendid First is followed by a big batch of substantial cash prizes, all big enough to give you a good start for 1938. Another big attraction in this varied prize-list is the first appearance, in place of the familiar "Targets," of 6,000 new Mystery Prizes. But you must discover the golden secret of these awards *by winning one*

You have only a few days to enter, so start on the *Examples* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions which follow.

Against a few selected *Examples*, jot down all rough ideas which occur to you and improve each of these ideas to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that opposite the *Example* TO STOP THE ROT, you scribbled down, *Government Promised—During General Election*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, TO STOP THE ROT—"PLANK" WESTMINSTER'S ATMOSPHERE "ROTTED."

To help you further, study carefully the good points of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,099th Contest which appear on this page. Then start on your own efforts promptly, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, January 8.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,102)

TO BRITANNIA'S CREDIT
HEAVEN ON EARTH
MAN TO RELY ON
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS
HOUSEWIVES SAY
CHANGE IN THE SITUATION
WHAT GENEVA MEANS
BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT
TO STOP THE ROT
WHEN FATHER SAVED
JUST AS WE THOUGHT
AFTER A BREAKDOWN

BAD PENNY	LONGINGLY
STIFLED	IN THE RUSH
OWING TO US	DRIED UP
INFECTIOUS	ADMITTED
MIDNIGHT OIL	LIVING DEATH
WHY HE WON	DEARER FOOD

AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE
OFF HIS GUARD
LIKE AN ICEBERG
SLIPPING AND SLIDING
I'M ONLY A PEDESTRIAN, SO
THE BURGLAR WAS CLEVER, BUT
CAUGHT RED-HANDED
SANDY GROANED AND
EARLY IN THE MORNING
MAKES ME THANKFUL
VISION OF BEAUTY
THORN IN HIS SIDE

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

FREE HELP WITH YOUR "BULLETS"

TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" ENTRY.

Affix 1½ stamp here | Affix 1½ stamp here

Please register me for six weeks' supply of *Bullets Bulletin*, "John Bull's" free weekly aid for would-be winners. I have affixed 5d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,102) Closing postmark SAT. Jan. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,102) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST POST, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,102) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,102) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 8. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,102 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,102, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Why not Look & Feel Your Best for 1938

NOW'S the time to start with Bile Beans if you want to look and feel better in the year ahead. For Bile Beans give you that 'inner health' which is reflected in outer beauty; a lovely complexion, sparkling eyes and radiant health.

These fine vegetable pills act in nature's way—they help you to digest rich winter foods, purify the blood and daily cleanse the system of all impurities and waste.

So start with Bile Beans to-night—one or two at bedtime—and so make sure of looking and feeling your best in 1938.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Although I am thirty, nobody takes me for a day older than twenty-one. Even my doctor expressed surprise at my youthful appearance."—Miss I. L., Coventry.

* * *

"A friend whom I had not met for years told me I looked younger than ever. My health is splendid, and I can walk miles without fatigue. When people ask me what I take to keep so slim and well, I just tell them Bile Beans every night."—Mrs. E. H., Manchester.

* * *

"A nurse recommended me to take Bile Beans, and as a result I found myself getting better every day. I now feel years younger; that morning tiredness has gone, and I get up bright and happy. I enjoy perfect health, and friends envy my lovely complexion."—Miss L. N., S.W.11.

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

293 B104

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A 265